

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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## The King With the Home Fleet

The King recently paid a three-day visit to the Home Fleet and was photographed with Admiral Sir John Tovey, K.C.B., D.S.O., on the quarterdeck of H.M.S. King George V. From this ship, which His Majesty launched two years ago, Admiral Tovey directed the Fleet action against the Bismarck. He has commanded the Home Fleet since last October when he succeeded Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes. He received his K.C.B. in the New Year Honours, and was knighted by the King during His Majesty's visit to the Flagship





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## A Historic Meeting

ARRANGEMENTS for the historic Roosevelt-Churchill meeting were made during the visit to London of Mr. Harry Hopkins, the President's personal envoy, a month ago. It may be imagined that the Prime Minister jumped at the opportunity to meet the President, with whom he had held so many conversations on the transatlantic telephone, but whom he had never met in person. Mr. Hopkins conveying a definite invitation from the President, Mr. Churchill did not hesitate for a moment to undertake the necessary trip across the Atlantic. This was no question of the mountain going to Mohammed. The Prime Minister would have been well aware that there are insuperable constitutional objections to the President of the United States leaving the country during his term of office.

There may have been those who felt anxiety lest these two powerful individualistic personalities might clash rather than fuse at their first contact. Such fears, if natural, proved to be groundless. The declaration of common aims for the prosecution of the war and reconstruction of a new world once Hitlerism is defeated, will be seen in retrospect as a historic document.

There may have been those who thought that after the conference there would emerge a series of short-term policy declarations bearing on the immediate war situation in the Far East, in Africa, and elsewhere. Obviously that would have been most undesirable. Neither

Mr. Churchill nor President Roosevelt is interested in providing Hitler with a blueprint of their plans for compassing his downfall.

## Lord Halifax's Holiday

IT must have been something of a blow to Lord Halifax when he found last week that he was obliged further to postpone his leave to England. Our Ambassador to Washington has been much looking forward to a stand-easy in this country after a tour of duty in the United States which must have placed a considerable strain upon him.

He went out to take up his post straight from a long and nerve-racking tenure of the Foreign Office extending over the whole period of the war and its preliminaries. There was no opportunity in the interval for him to take a holiday, for though he was away from the Foreign Office for a week or two he was fully engaged throughout those days in meetings with his colleagues in the War Cabinet and with American diplomats and others in London.

It must be getting abominably hot in Washington now, and Lord Halifax is one of those who hate hot weather. Probably he has had opportunity since he came back from his tour across the States to get a breath of the sea on the Atlantic coast. But it is clear that the steady and rapid evolution of Anglo-American collaboration in the war requires that the British Embassy should be fully staffed just now.

Under the original plan when Lord Halifax took over the Embassy, he would have been able to hand over charge to Sir Gerald Campbell, whose long experience in the United States fully qualified him for all duties that might fall on the British diplomatic staff during the absence of the Ambassador. But Sir Gerald has been seconded for special duties as director of British publicity in the United States and is not, presumably, available. The new Minister, Sir Ronald Campbell, lately from Belgrade, can hardly yet be in the saddle in Washington. Thus the whole burden would fall on our second Minister, Mr. Neville Butler.

Mr. Butler was charge d'affaires while Lord Lothian was back in England shortly before his death. But the tempo of Anglo-American affairs had not then speeded up to anything like the same extent as it has now.

## Commanding Poles in Russia

I SUGGESTED last week that command of the Polish forces, to be raised from the 500,000 Poles held prisoners in Russia, would probably be entrusted to General Wladyslaw Anders, rather than to General Sosnkowski, who had also been considered for this important command. In the interval, General Anders has been entrusted by General Sikorski with this task. Those who know him are confident that he combines the necessary qualities of military leader with those of political acumen. It would be foolish to overlook that General Anders will find himself confronted with considerable difficulties. On the material side, Russia has promised all necessary assistance. The Polish forces to be raised on Soviet territory will be equipped from Russian arsenals. But while the Russians wish—it is so laid down in the recently concluded Russo-Polish Treaty—that this force should operate against the common enemy on Soviet territory, the Poles would much prefer that their new divisions should be moved south to fight under British command in the Middle East.

Such points will certainly be thrashed out in direct discussion between the Poles and the Russians, when diplomatic relations, already restored in principle, are brought into full practice by the exchange of ambassadors.

General Anders, who is forty-nine, is already on the spot. He was commanding a cavalry brigade operating on the East Prussian frontier when Germany went to war against Poland in September, 1939. He fought throughout the retreat, even to the east of Warsaw, and, having been appointed to a larger cavalry command, continued the struggle until the last days of that fateful month. Part of his force fought its way through the Germans into Hungary. But General Anders, himself severely wounded, was taken prisoner by the Soviet troops during their advance into Poland.

## Help from London

DETAILS of the military agreement still to be concluded between the Soviet and Polish Governments will be negotiated by the Polish Military Mission, which has already arrived in Moscow, headed by General Szyszkobohusz. On him will fall the



*Congratulations from Lord Derby*

Lord Derby presented a cup to the winners of a Home Guard contest in the Merseyside area. Points were given for camouflage and field tactics used in action against enemy parachutists (regular troops). The winners were a Home Guard battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, commanded by Colonel Duncan-Taylor, with whom Lord Derby is seen shaking hands



*Gift from the Home Guard*

The Hon. Frank Pakenham, prospective Labour candidate for Oxford, received a silver tankard from the South Oxford Company of an Oxford City Battalion of the Home Guard, which he commanded till June, 1941. C.S.M. Duce, who presented the cup to Mr. Pakenham at Brasenose College, Oxford, said the gift was an expression of the esteem of all ranks. Mrs. Pakenham is in the centre



task of collaborating with the Soviet Government in establishing the present whereabouts of Polish prisoners in Russia. This may not prove altogether easy, for, during the period when Russia was in correct relation with Germany, large numbers of the Polish population were transferred to the more remote corners of the Soviet Union. Now that they are permitted to rejoin the national colours, it may be expected that they will return lacking almost everything. One gathers that the Polish Government has already made available considerable sums of money to meet the most urgent needs of the exiles.

### Soviet Candour

LAST week many people were surprised to note the candour of the Soviet Government in announcing the considerable extent of Russian losses up to that date. The figures were published officially in Moscow on August 8, and were afterwards reproduced in the daily news letter which has been issued by the Press Department of the Soviet Embassy in London since the earliest days of the Russo-German war.

According to these authorities, the Soviet had lost 5,000 tanks, 7,000 guns, and 4,000 planes up to that time, compared with German losses of 6,000 tanks, 8,000 guns, and 6,000 planes. Only in infantry did the Russians claim that much heavier casualties had been inflicted on the enemy than they had themselves sustained. In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the Soviet Government admitted to 600,000, and claimed losses of 1,500,000 to the Germans.

Since then, these figures will have become subject to correction. The new German drive into the Ukraine has developed fiercely. It is a drive of desperation, aimed at establishing control quickly over the great Russian industrial and agricultural regions in the fertile lands stretching down to the Black Sea and ultimately to the oil-bearing lands of Transcaucasia. This drive represents the second thought by Hitler, for it was clear, from the direction of his first and heaviest thrust, that he reckoned on occupying Moscow, and procuring the overthrow of the present Soviet regime, as the easiest means of attaining his true objectives—wheat, minerals, and oil—in the southern republics of the Soviet Union.

### Anglo-Russian Diplomacy

A LONG-STANDING association between M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London, and Mr. Eden has proved most valuable in the many diplomatic interchanges which have proceeded between London and Moscow and other capitals since Britain and the Soviet Union became allies in the common war against Hitlerite Germany. The most recent example of good team-work can be seen in the British and Russian declaration pledging respect for the integrity of Turkey, and promising full aid to her, should she be attacked by any European power—that is to say, by the Axis or one of its satellites. It



### The American Ambassador Visits Southampton

Mr. John G. Winant recently made a tour of the docks at Southampton. He and Mrs. Winant were afterwards the guests at a civic luncheon, at which he made a speech, recalling that three hundred years ago a small group of settlers left Southampton to start a colony in America. In the picture are Mrs. W. Lewis, Councillor W. Lewis (Mayor of Southampton), Mr. and Mrs. Winant, Mr. Harold Butler, C.B. (Regional Commissioner), Lord Mottistone (Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire) and Lady Mottistone.

perhaps does not matter very much whether London or Moscow was first to see the importance of re-establishing full confidence between Russia and Turkey. But it does matter very much for the future development of the war that Russia should have given such full and generous assurances to the Turks, and that Turkey should have accepted them without questions.

Had the Soviet Embassy in London been headed by an Ambassador commanding less respect at the British Foreign Office, or less trusted by the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs in Moscow, the delicate and even difficult negotiations involved might not have gone so smoothly. In 1935 the Ambassador accompanied Mr. Eden on a trip to Moscow which could well have laid the foundation for Anglo-Soviet collaboration at a much earlier date, had a more far-sighted government held power in London.

### Broadcaster for Moscow

I HEAR that Mr. Quentin Reynolds, the American writer and broadcaster, has been invited by the Soviet Government to visit Moscow in order to give some talks on the radio from the Russian capital. I imagine that he will accept; for since the outbreak of war Mr. Reynolds has been determined to stay as near to the front line of battle as could be made possible for an American commentator.

Britain owes a great deal to Mr. Reynolds, both in the effect he has had on the development of popular opinion in America and for the generous way in which he has given his services on behalf of innumerable British war appeals of one kind and another. His deep, agreeable voice is now familiar to millions of listeners, both here and on the Continent.

### Dorothy Thompson Flurry

LAST week Mr. Brendan Bracken found himself in a "spot of bother" with the American

correspondents in London. It all arose from the fact that the Prime Minister had granted an interview to Miss Dorothy Thompson, the well known American columnist. Since the beginning of the war the American correspondents who have worked on here through fire and bomb and shell have been anxious to interview Mr. Churchill. But it was agreed that no one should score this special advantage over another and the rule has been very firmly applied to visitors, including Mr. Raymond Gram Swing.

Mr. Churchill, a law unto himself, decided that Miss Thompson was not a newspaper woman but a propagandist and, as such, could properly be granted the coveted interview.

Miss Thompson, in her turn was suitably gratified and seems to have done a little bit of crowing at the Savoy Hotel that evening. With the result that Mr. Bracken had to meet a very angry body of the Association of American Correspondents.

I am rather sorry for Mr. Bracken. He has not had to wait long to learn that the Minister of Propaganda has no easy road to hoe. When he took up office he made it clear that his first object would be to strive for getting the British version of the news out into the world at least as soon as the Axis, and if possible sooner. Right in his first few weeks he was obliged to sit down tight on one of the biggest stories of the war while the Press and radio of every other country in the world was speculating, announcing and generally skimming all the gilt off the gingerbread.

British newspaper men are becoming inoculated against this sort of thing. Not so the Dominions and American correspondents, and here again Mr. Bracken had to take it on the chin. The fault was not his, but that fact must have seemed cold comfort during an extremely difficult fortnight.



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

## Can Little Actresses Be Great?

IT is odd that the well-known sporting maxim—"A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un"—should be unknown to the younger generation of theatre and film critics. It is absurd to think that a dozen of Tchekov's short stories are the equivalent of a novel like Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; they cannot be, because they necessarily lack architecture. St. Peter's at Rome is a greater achievement than the tiniest Trianon at Versailles, exquisite though that may be. More of mind and spirit goes to the fashioning of *King Lear* than to the loveliest of Shakespeare's lyrics. The little things do not demand the *longue haleine*. But it was left to connoisseurs of the race-course and the boxing-ring to lay down the law that, other things being equal, it is size that counts.

Thinking over the great actresses of the past one is struck by a property common to them all—the property of not being little. They were not giantesses perhaps, but they could play Lady Macbeth. Consider the famous entry of Mrs. Siddons in Franklin's tragedy, *The Earl of Warwick*. At the back of the stage was a large archway, through which appeared the captive Marguerite of Anjou, preceded by four guards, who divided two by two on each side, leaving the opening clear. Instantly on their separating the actress burst upon the view and stood in the centre of the arch, motionless. "So electrifying was the unex-

pected impression," writes George Barclay, who played the King, "that I stood for a moment breathless. But the effect extended beyond me; the audience had full participation of its power; and the continued applause that followed gave me time to recover and speculate upon the manner in which such an extraordinary effect had been made. I could not but gaze upon her attentively. Her head was erect, and the fire of her brilliant eyes darted directly upon mine. Her wrists were bound with chains, which hung suspended from her arms, that were dropped loosely on each side; nor had she, on her entrance, used any action beyond her *rapid walk* and *sudden stop*, within the extensive archway, which she really *seemed to fill*."

Now consider any of the little actresses whom during the last ten years we old playgoers have been asked to accept as great. I put it to you, reader, that the impression they would produce would be not of filling an archway but of emptying it! The reason is a physical one, having nothing to do with talent. The impression of littleness is inescapable when the actresses conveying it are of key-hole size.

GIVEN that the English stage has known a span some thirty times greater than the talkies, it follows that a life-size and fully fledged actress like, say Joan Crawford, is the film-equivalent of Mrs. Siddons and almost as

much out of fashion. Today we are offered chits with big voices, and chits with no voices at all gambolling in *Rebecca*, playing at calf-love with Mickey Rooney, adolescence the theme, and the material pap. Now I will never agree to call a hillock a mountain, a pony a horse, or a fly-weight a heavy-weight. I will not call charming little girls great actresses on the strength of their having made a success of something written round their lack of experience as well as inches.

The trouble with our young critics is their inability to realise the harm they do. It is, of course, largely a matter of the age's vanity. Today motor cars, speedboats, aeroplanes travel faster than ever before, and our young people just cannot bear to think that previous ages have excelled theirs in any respect whatsoever. It offends their vanity that today's actor possesses every quality except that of greatness. Even more so in the case of pretty little actresses, whose prettiness is a part of their littleness. When Miss Bergner came over here and exhibited her knees in a pathetic melodrama about a dead baby a young critic with a considerable following wrote: "She is of the stuff, I suspect, of the immortals—Mrs. Siddons, Rachel and Duse." That was six years ago, and what, pray, has this brilliant little actress in miniature since done to justify the grandiose argument?

THE same preposterous claim was made for Miss Barbara Mullen, a little Irish girl with a talent for portraying the homelier kind of Scotch lassie. *Jeannie*, the play in which she flabbergasted junior reporters, is the intellectual and emotional equivalent of *Sweet Lavender*, and to hail an actress as great on the strength of Pinero's waifery-and-strayage was just not done in the days of my critical apprenticeship. We knew how to wait. Miss Mullen does a little thing charmingly, but she has still to prove that she can play anything except the pawkier heroines of Sir James Barrie or, what is perhaps worse, of that almost forgotten novelist, George Macdonald. Hear now the whole crux of the matter. People ask me why I have "got my knife" into this or that young actress. I haven't. I am out scalping for the immature critics who cannot see a gooseberry without hailing it as a giant.

The picture itself (Leicester Square) is mildly pleasant, and throughout one has an equal urge to stay in the cinema and depart therefrom. First, Mr. Albert Lieven, who plays the bogus Viennese count, steals the film from Miss Mullen. Then Mr. Michael Redgrave steals it from Mr. Lieven, and finally Miss Kay Hammond purloins it from under the noses of all three. And now, perhaps, if Miss Mullen is the great actress we have been led to suppose, will she kindly give us a glimpse of her Rosalind, Cordelia, Lady Teazle, Nora, Hedda, and so on? The choice is wide enough, and a great actress will impose her own parts. Stage and screen wait, and so do I.



Three Stars and a Child in "A Woman's Face"

Playing in "A Woman's Face," a new film at the Empire, are Conrad Veidt, Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and young Richard Nichols. It is the story of disfigured and embittered Anna Holm (Joan Crawford), criminal blackmailer, planning child murder with Torsten Barring (Conrad Veidt). She is transformed physically—and morally—by the skill of Dr. Gustave Segert (Melvyn Douglas), a famous plastic surgeon, and a romance begins. The film, which is commented on by Mr. Agate on this page, is the screen version of François de Croisset's play: "Il Était une Fois," and was directed by George Cukor

A *Woman's Face*, at the Empire, is a piece of melodramatic bally-hoo about a woman who, having been burnt as a child, turns to blackmail in place of passion or, alternatively, a husband and kiddies. Nonsense, but at least grown-up nonsense, and, in places, wildly exciting. There is nothing of the chit about Joan Crawford, who is as full of acting as a wardrobe is of clothes.



# Andrew from Poland

The Story of a Young Refugee,  
Hero of "The White Eagle"

Andrew Modrzejewski is the ten-year-old Polish boy who was chosen to play in *The White Eagle*, the film, recently made in England, which tells the story of the Poles' fight for freedom in their own country and in exile. Andrew in the film plays the same part as in real life: he is a boy scout, he sells the Polish newspaper in London, plays with English children, learns a new language and a new life, and recovers here the childhood so cruelly torn from him in his native land. He and his mother lived in Warsaw when war broke out, and his father was in the Polish Air Force. Before the Germans took Warsaw, Mme. Modrzejewski and her son fled to Lublin, were driven from their new home by the invaders, returned to Warsaw hoping to save some of their belongings, especially warm clothes; then, with forged passports and after weeks of misery and anxiety, escaped to Rome. When Italy came into the war the fugitives had to move again—this time to France. When France fell, England was their last hope. And somehow, with the help of Andrew's father, who had come to England with a unit of the Polish Air Force, they got here. Now Andrew lives in a London flat with his mother, his cat Blackout, his model aeroplanes, and rapidly fading memories (he has begun to put on weight) of the terrible year that began on September 1, 1939



In real life as well as in "The White Eagle," Andrew is a Boy Scout and sells a London-published Polish newspaper

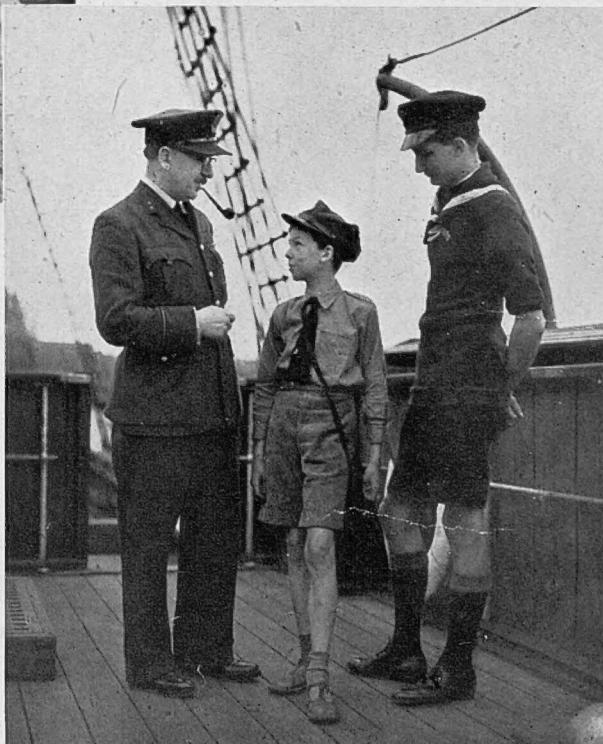
Andrew's father is an officer in the Polish Air Force. He and his son (below) are on board the *Discovery*, training centre of London's Sea Scouts. With them is Assistant Scoutmaster W. Laurance

Director of "The White Eagle" was Eugene Cekalski. Below he shows young Andrew, who appears all through the film, some cuts from it. "The White Eagle" was on in London a week or two ago



Mme. Modrzejewski is ten-year-old Andrew's young-looking mother. She and he escaped from Poland together, crossed Europe, and now have a new home in London

Photographs by  
Pictorial Press





# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Lady Behave (His Majesty's)

IT is some time since we last met the heroine who, being an archduchess or a millionairess or something similarly unspiritually dazzling, rejects the gifts with which fortune has blessed her and temporarily swaps hats with her maid because she wants to be loved for herself alone. She became, I suppose, a bit of a laughing-stock, or, if not a laughing-stock, at least a bit of a bore. We knew all that.



Judy Campbell sings  
"Ordinary Man"

We demanded something different. Nevertheless, in one form or another, the same game still goes on. At His Majesty's Theatre you may now meet a heroine, a "stand-in," who, while she has the luck to be loved for herself alone, wants to become a film star through merit only. The trouble is that the man whom she loves and who loves her is a film star already. He can get her a good part in the next production as easy as winking. He offers to do so. He can't for the life of him understand why she won't let him. But she won't, she won't, she won't. If she is to get on, it shall be by her own unaided efforts or not at all. So they fall out—till they fall in again. With many film studio songs and film studio dances and film studio quips and capers in between.

I WONDER how most of us would have got on if we had stood out as the stand-in stands out in *Lady Behave*. How would I have got on myself? The first job I ever got was acting in the United States, and I got it because my uncle was an actor-manager and I was my uncle's nephew. The second job I ever got was on the Manchester staff of the *Daily Mail*, and I got it because James Mortimer, an old friend of the family, was the *Daily Mail* Chess Editor, and he spoke to Lord Northcliffe about me. Had I been like Fay Denver, the stand-in, I would have turned down both these jobs with a song, and had I gone on like Fay Denver, I doubt whether I should be writing about her now. If there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, are we not to take advantage of that tide? Or are we, all for naked merit, to protest that

Sally Gray and  
Bernard Clifton  
in the Finale



Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen



"The Mexicano": Pat  
Kirkwood and Stanley Lupino

to be helped by a tide is to get to shore faster than our own swimming capacity could ever have managed?

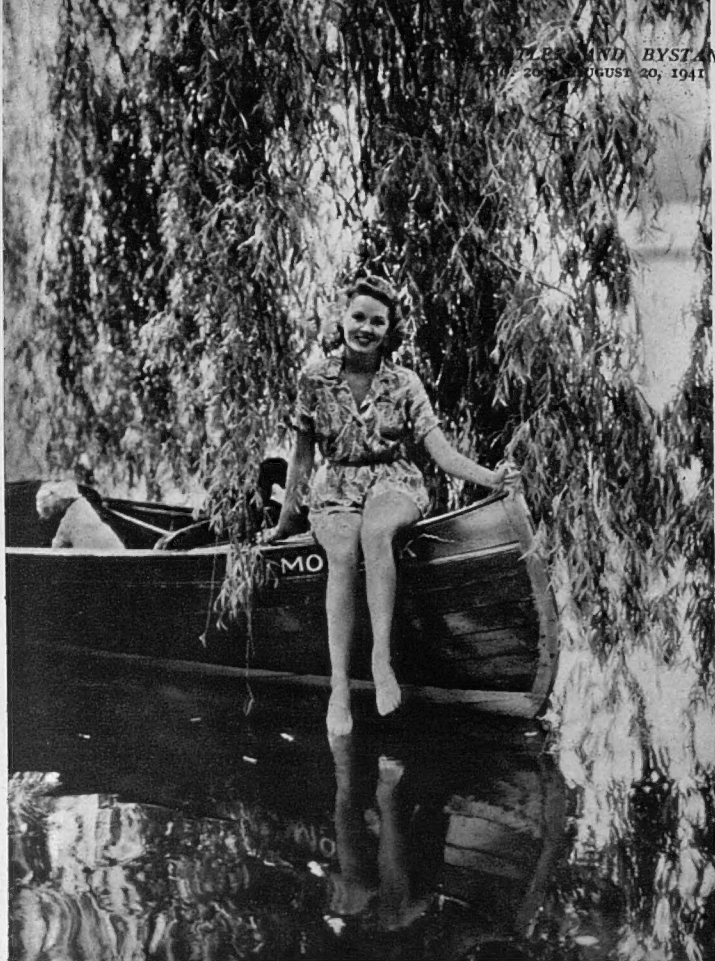
It seems to me that the only question Fay Denver should have asked herself was: Am I good enough to play this part? Do I deserve my luck? Of course she is. Of course she does. We all know Sally Gray. A girl who can sing and dance and look like that has no business to bother her head with ethical questions.

THERE are three clever girls in this not overwhelmingly clever show. In addition to Miss Gray, there is Pat Kirkwood—sure-mike Pat, who is so full of life and who puts her songs across with a verve that makes them seem almost equal to their applause. And there is Judy Campbell, who has a fell distinction of her own and ought to get right out of the musical world into the legitimate again because, with considerable skill, she turns everything she touches into a straight part, and good straight young actresses are not so easy to come by. Also, now I come to think of it, there is Betty Percheron, a new soubrette, who should be in Lupino shows for the rest of her life.

OPPOSITE these four, symmetry demands four men. Three of them are Hartley Power, whose incursion into the musical world is probably only temporary but good for the bills; Bernard Clifton who, to use a phrase I have never used before and shall probably never use again, but it fits Mr. Clifton, so I will say who does yeoman service; and Gordon Humphris, the best male dancer now showing on our musical stage.

And finally, Stanley Lupino, who talks about being "bull to the frim" instead of "full to the brim," who says he has got so many wrinkles he'll soon be able to screw his hat on, and who makes the most of the old fly-paper gag. It is still funny. A competition of comic stars—Mr. Lupino, Mr. Lane, Mr. Henson, Mr. Gee, Mr. Verno, etcetera—to see who can make the fly-paper gag seem funniest, one after the other, would be a bright feature at a benefit matinee.





*She Can Paddle Her Own (Electric) Canoe*

## River Holiday

Gabrielle Brune Has Been  
Convalescing At Datchet

*She Has to Keep Her Repertoire Up To Date*



*No Rose Without a Thorn, No Holly Without a Prickle*  
(So Miss Brune said as she posed for this photograph)

Gabrielle Brune, who has made herself a name on stage, screen, the air, and the cabaret floor, has lately been in retirement on the river. She had appendicitis, and then double pneumonia, and has been recuperating with friends who have a riverside house at Datchet, one of the most peaceful places on the lower reaches of the Thames. Now she is almost her old self again, and well enough to help Constance Cummings, Diana Wynyard and Rex Harrison in shows for the troops. Lately she has been making a film with Vic Oliver. One of her biggest successes was in the Café de Paris cabaret last winter, where she was booked for two weeks and stayed for five. It was her attack of appendicitis that saved her from being in the restaurant the night it was bombed

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Party for Marines

THE United States Ambassador and Mrs. Winant were guests of honour at the first official welcoming party to the American Marines, at Porchester Hall.

Everything went with a great swing from the start, which was at seven o'clock, and there was a first-class cabaret organised by Jack and Daphne Barker. Edythe Baker played, Beatrice Lillie led the crowd in the "Star Spangled Banner." Ernest Sewell was another performer, and everyone who could make it was there, including Brig.-General R. E. Lee, U.S. Military Attaché, Captain Lockwood, U.S. Naval Attaché, Lieut.-General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, D.S.O., K.C.V.O., General Officer Commanding London Area, and Major-General Riley.

The Marines have come over to guard the American Embassy, and look a cheerful lot, tough in its nice sense: that is, able to "take it" whatever "it" is—from fun and games to the worst.

## Out Dancing

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, the Marquis and Marquesa de Casa Maury, and her son-in-law and daughter, Colonel and Mrs. Robert Laycock, were all dining and dancing in a party at the May Fair the other night.

Mrs. Laycock looked very slim and Vivien Leigh-ish in a long black dress: her mother wore a short black and red dress, with a red jacket, and a little red corduroy velvet hat. Colonel Laycock is the son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph Laycock and brother of Lady Daresbury.

Also there that night were Lady Iris O'Malley, formerly Mountbatten, and Miss Mary Birkin, with her fiancé, Captain Samuel Luckyn Buxton. They were married a day or two later. She is a cousin of the Marquesa de Casa Maury (who was originally a Birkin) and a daughter of the late "Tim" Birkin, and of Lady Edward Hay.

More people seen out that night were Mrs. Peter Quennell, who has the unusual name "Glour," and is very attractive, Mr. Geoffrey Nares, Sir John Phillips, Mr. Keiran Tunney, writer of lyrics and sketches, who has just completed a musical comedy—book and lyrics single-handed—and Captain "Teddy" Worrall, of the Somerset Light Infantry, whose home is in Somerset.

## Reception

THE Overseas League are now running monthly receptions to the Allies. To the last, at which Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas were, as usual, receiving, there came a large number of distinguished people.



Porchester Hall Party for U.S. Marines

A party was given recently by the Royal Army Pay Corps for the U.S. Marines who are on guard at the American Embassy. Stage stars and a recent bride were among the guests. Miss Edythe Baker, Miss Daphne Barker, the cabaret star; Lady Iris O'Malley, Lord Carisbrooke's daughter, who married Captain Hamilton O'Malley a short time ago; and Miss Beatrice Lillie, who is very popular with Americans, were some of those who helped to entertain the Marines.

Three Soviet Attachés—one in particular in great demand, and writing down engagements in his little book as hard as he could. The Archduke Robert of Austria was there, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, the Yugoslav Minister and Madame Soubbotitch, the Netherlands Foreign Minister, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Lord Strabolgi, Sir Hugh Seely, Lord Snell, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Baker, Miss Pauline Gower, Lady Helen Nutting, General Bilbao, of the Bolivian Mission, Senor Peñeranda, Bolivian Chargé d'Affaires, Lord and Lady Monkswell, and Major and Mrs. John Stourton.

Lots of other people too, including officers from Canada House, Australia House, New Zealand House and South Africa House. Also U.S. Eagle Squadron members, and Marines.

## "La France Libre"

THIS is the name of a periodical which has been published in this country since November last. It is literary, artistic and political, and the contributors, of different nationalities, are well known and distinguished in most countries. There used, of course, to be many such publications in France: those now being put out under the Vichy regime are inferior both in actual appearance—paper and layout—and in matter, which is the choked mumblings to be expected under the regime. So that *La France Libre*, which already has a circulation of seventeen thousand, has a unique position upholding culture for the French people.

All the important French writers who left their country in disagreement with its policy contribute. The editor is M. André Labarthe, the scientist, who started on social and literary work for the Free French after the fall. Contributors include M. Jacques Maritain, the philosopher, who wrote *A Travers le Désastre*, M. Georges Bernanos, and M. Jules Romains. All three are in America, where plans are being made for actual publication, to avoid exportation. The circulation in both the Americas, and Canada, is wide.

## From the July Number

As a review, *La France Libre* is comprehensive. For instance, the July number contains such diverse articles as "Notre bonne vieille Europe," by Stanislaw Stronski; "Mythe révolutionnaire et impérialisme germanique," by René Avord; "Pour Virginia Woolf," by Rosamund Lehmann; "Quelques mots sur la France," by Harold Nicolson; "La poésie épique en France au x<sup>e</sup> siècle," by Denis Saurat, and more; also some excellent photographs—of the Quai Bourbon, in Paris; a lovely one of water, feathery trees, sun and shadow, called "L'Ombre du Pont du Gard"; a close-up of a sunny, shuttered window, with a balcony, called "Quiétude," and a street corner, empty except for three children, in Tarascon.

A journal worthy to represent those aspects of a great country which nothing can permanently destroy.

## Gay Party

THE gay side of the French over here was in pleasant evidence last week at the party at Moncorvo House, Ennismore Gardens, the headquarters of the Corps Feminin since they were bombed out of their original quarters. It is a lovely big house with shiny floors and lots of mirrors where wonderful parties used to be given in the 'twenties by Mrs. Arthur Glasgow. The Life Guards band played for dancing, admission was 2s. 6d., drinks and sandwiches were on sale, and it was all in aid of arms for the Free French, as well as the enjoyment

(Concluded on page 262)



## In the Country



### Three Wives of the Three Services

Viscountess St. Davids, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Dudley de Levigne, all have husbands on active service. Lord St. Davids is in the Navy; his wife is Australian. Mrs. de Laszlo's husband is a Group-Captain in the R.A.F. Mrs. de Levigne's husband is a Lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers



Poole, Dublin

### A Ski-er on Leave with His Wife

Lieutenant "Bill" Bracken, Queen's Royal Regiment, spent a few days' leave with his Irish wife at her mother's home, Clifton, Monkstown, Co. Dublin. Bill Bracken was five times British ski champion, and captained the British ski team. His wife is the daughter of the late Perceval Gaussen, K.C., and Mrs. Gaussen. The bull-terrier is called Nelson

Jonathon Winston Fraser Malan is the son of the South African air ace, Wing-Commander A. G. Malan, R.A.F., who holds the D.S.O. and Bar and the D.F.C. and Bar, and has thirty-five enemy planes officially to his credit, plus five more "possibles." Mr. Winston Churchill is godfather to the small boy, and his brother, Major John Churchill, with Wing-Commander and Mrs. Malan on the right, was the Prime Minister's proxy at the Kent christening recently. Mrs. Malan is English



Vickers, Drymen

### An Irish Wedding in Scotland: O'Brien—Goodbody

Major H. Donough O'Brien, R.A.M.C., youngest son of Major and Mrs. Dermot O'Brien, of 65, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, and Miss Pamela Charlotte Goodbody, daughter of Mrs. J. Barrington Goodbody, of Cork Hill, Clara, Offaly, Eire, were married at Buchanan Parish Church, near Glasgow. Included in the group above are the Marchioness of Graham, the Rev. Walter R. Lacey, the Duke of Montrose (sitting), Lord Fintrie, page, Major T. Levitt, R.A.M.C., best man, the bridegroom and bride, Miss Margaret Scott-Stevenson, bridesmaid, and Lady Fiona Graham, who was trainbearer with her small brother, Lord Fintrie. They are the Duke of Montrose's grandchildren



### The Earl of Ypres and His Fiancée

### Christening: the Prime Minister's New Godson





# Social Round-about

(Continued)

of the large crowd of all nationalities who turned up.

Madame Mathieu, the famous tennis player, is head of the Corps Feminin, a splendid body of healthy and efficient-looking women, smart in their uniforms, who work in support of the Free French Forces like our own A.T.S. do for the Army.

Madame Mathieu had been playing in an exhibition tennis match at Esher the day before—a part of the War Weapons Week activities down there. She refused to stay on for a supper party, and returned to London alone by bus to help her girls prepare for the party.

Among recent recruits to the Corps are two girls who have come all the way from New Caledonia on purpose to join.

## House of Commons

A BUSY stir of activity is maintained in the House of Commons, with members speeding to and fro to put their questions, get their meals, and hobnob with one another. Goings on with the Mace during debates seem absurd to the uninformed—it is always being put on or under the table for obscure reasons connected with tradition.

Miss Florence Horsbrugh was one of those talking during mad and merry proceedings *re* the Pharmacy Bill. Among the dashers to and fro, some of whom alighted for tea in the leathery room set aside for that purpose, were M. Maisky; "exactly like his photographs," Mr. Hore-Belisha, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Mr. Hubert Beaumont, and Mr. Ralph Etherton. As almost every face belongs to a Member, the list could obviously be extended by reference to the little book called, I think, *Dodd*, and

containing incomplete, but adequate, dossiers of all. However, the personal touch is gained by mentioning only those actually recognised by an ill-informed observer like myself.

## Country Occasions

I SUPPOSE after this war the Home Guard, A.R.P., and other new bodies that have resulted from it, will be keeping themselves up with rallies, anniversaries and so on. Meanwhile the British Legion continues from the last war, and at Eastington, in Yorkshire, was presented with a standard from Sir Harold and Lady Wilberforce-Bell, of Portington Hall, where the presentation took place.

Lord Middleton, Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Carver, M.P. for Howdenshire, and Brig.-General C. G. Phillips were there, and the Eastington Home Guard Unit attended, under Second-Lieut. E. F. Dorning. In a speech Lord Middleton said that the Legion would now welcome young men fighting in this war to join the old soldiers of the last war, adding that there was much work for the Legion for many years to come.

The standard was dedicated at the Parish Church, and afterwards Lord Middleton inspected civil defence services, and members of the W.V.S.

## In Norfolk

LORD LEICESTER is ninety-three, and he made his first public appearance since his last birthday when he opened a garden fête in aid of the Parish Church Heating Apparatus funds.

He is a remarkable old man, still extremely spry, and was deservedly cheered when he got up to make his opening speech, in which he boosted the cause and wished it success.

Besides many stalls, there was an entertainment by schoolchildren, and lots of competitions, with the good result of £73.

## Weddings

WEDDINGS go on as briskly as ever, week after week. Lately Mr. David Crichton married Miss Joan Cleaver in Gloucestershire. He is the son of Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, and she is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. D. W. Cleaver of Dodington House, where the reception was held. People there included Lord and Lady Westmorland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crichton, Sir Christopher and Lady Codrington, Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston, Baron F. de Tuyl, and Lady Mabel Hamilton Stubber.

A Northants wedding was between Captain A. G. Akers-Douglas and Miss Dorothy Gage. He is in the 13th-18th Hussars, and is a son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. George Akers-Douglas of Colebrook Park, Tonbridge, and a nephew of Lord Chilton. Her parents are Brig.-General and Mrs. M. F. Gage of West Haddon, and the reception was at Winnick Warren, West Haddon, lent by Captain and Mrs. Philip Ransom.

## Eton

THE victory-making qualities of the Playing Fields of Eton are being made available to a larger public than usual—during the holidays parties from neighbouring factories engaged on essential work are using them daily for recreation, and cricket pitches are loaned to various units stationed in the district. Also a camp for members of the London Boys' Brigade has been established on Agar's Plough. It seems a pity that the beginning of term should end all this: perhaps a system of playing shifts will be devised.

The authorities are taking the wise precaution of having the documents and manuscripts in the Macnaughten Library microfilmed, in case of war damage. They are now one of the most valuable and important collections in the country.



Mr. Callender and Miss Elizabeth Grant

Sec.-Lieut. Michael Anthony Callender, the Buffs, youngest son of the late Leonard Callender, and Mrs. Callender, of 8, Palace Place Mansions, W.8, and Miss Elizabeth Mary Grant, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Philip and Lady Grant, of the Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Hants., were married at Brompton Oratory

## Three Weddings



Poole, Dublin

Lord Glenavy's Heir and his Bride

Chief Petty Officer the Hon. Patrick Campbell, Eire Marine Service, and Miss Sylvia Alfreda Willoughby-Lee, only daughter of the late Captain K. Willoughby-Lee, and Mrs. Clifford Beckley, of Muizenberg, South Africa, were married at St. Ann's, Dublin, with a reception at the Unicorn Restaurant. He is the elder son and heir of Lord and Lady Glenavy, of Clonard, Terenure, Co. Dublin



Capt. Strang Steel and Miss Henderson

Captain Fiennes William Strang Steel, 17th-21st Lancers, and Miss Joan Henderson, only daughter of the late Sir Brodie Henderson, and Lady Henderson, of Upp Hall, Braughing, Herts., were married at Braughing Parish Church. He is the eldest son of Sir Samuel Strang Steel, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Strang Steel, of Philiphaugh, Selkirk, and a nephew of Lord Cornwallis





**Mr. Nutting and Miss Gillian Strutt**

Mr. Harold Anthony Nutting and Miss Gillian Leonora Strutt were married quietly at Terling Parish Church. He is the youngest son of Captain Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., and Lady Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, and works at the Foreign Office. She is the daughter of Mr. Edward Jolliffe Strutt, of the Wick, Hatfield Peverel, Essex. Her father is a cousin of Lord Rayleigh



**Bridegroom's Mother**

Lady Nutting, who is Irish, was at the Essex wedding of her twenty-one-year-old son to Miss Gillian Strutt



**Lady Rayleigh and Sir Harold Nutting**

Lord and Lady Rayleigh lent Terling Place for the Nutting-Strutt wedding reception. With Lady Rayleigh here is Sir Harold Nutting, the bridegroom's father. His eldest son, Captain J. V. F. Nutting, died on active service last year

## Two Country Weddings

In Essex and Northamptonshire



**Captain Akers-Douglas and Miss Dorothy Gage**

Captain Anthony G. Akers-Douglas, 13th-18th Hussars, is the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, of Colebrooke Park, Tonbridge, Kent, and nephew of Viscount Chilston. Miss Dorothy L. Gage is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. M. F. Gage, of West Haddon, Rugby. They were married at All Saints', West Haddon



**Neighbours and Guests**

Lady Cromwell and Mrs. Malcolm Borwick were at the Akers-Douglas-Gage wedding. Lady Cromwell's home is Misterton Hall, Rugby. Her husband was made a prisoner last year

Right, above: Lady Anne Spencer went from Althorp to the wedding at West Haddon, with her father, Earl Spencer



Right: Mrs. George Lowther and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Lord Hindlip's elder sister, were two more guests



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE of 57 significant things which struck us about an Army Battle-Drill School where we underwent a tactical course recently was the total absence of that shouting, yelling, barking, blasting, and bawling-out once associated with these health-resorts. The 1941 sergeant-major rarely raises his voice. Still less the Colonel. They don't have to, as we perceived.

This forceful quietude seems to us one welcome omen, at least, for a future which, however free from Nazidom, doesn't look too good to us at times, unless the Left Wing booky boys who are evidently determined to run the post-war world can be hauled out of it by the scruff. It seems to indicate, for example, that noise for noise's sake may lose its appeal, except for B.B.C. sopranos and other clamour girls, who will doubtless go on creating hell as before.

The Army's lead should be forced on the City, to begin with; those terrific little temperamental Napoleons of Big Business would soon learn that a steely quiet frightens and cows much more than senseless uproar. American Big Business discovered this long ago. One of the calmest places we've ever been in, barring the Charterhouse of Miraflores, was a big Wall Street broker's office during a crisis; its atmosphere would have made a Kensington teaparty sound like bath night at Balliol.

## Aspiration

As for the German nation, accustomed for centuries to be kicked round and roared at from cradle to grave, we imagine a course of the New Quiet would scare it into

good behaviour pretty quickly once it discovered that quiet does not necessarily connote weakness.

But noise is a very deep-rooted Prussian characteristic. A course of preliminary lectures by one of those B.B.C. girl announcers whose sweet, low, thrilling voices make a police notice sound like a declaration of love at twilight with a £5000 cheque attached would be the thing, perhaps.

## Revolt

THE forthcoming election of M. Maisky—we can never remember his real name—to the St. James's Club is indeed, as one of the gossip-boys has remarked, something of an event. It is the only club in the world where you see professional diplomats looking and talking so exactly like professional diplomats that you refuse to believe it, like the chap who saw Professor Joad at sunset.

It is of this distinguished club, where bridge is high and voices low, that a story was told us as true some time ago. An elderly member, talking to another in the hall, saw an eminent young satirical novelist newly-elected and "rare in this state," as print-collectors say, walk past. This conversation ensued:

"Who's that?"  
 "That's So-and-So."  
 "What's he do?"  
 "He—er—writes."  
 "He does what?"  
 "Writes."



"Any luck?"

"Yes, three and a half coupons"

"Writes? What the devil d'you mean, writes? Why, Mrs. Humphry Ward writes! And she's a woman!"

There are a few obvious flaws in this story. For one thing, it isn't exquisitely non-committal enough. For another, it sounds like the "Rag."

## Brawl

THAT recent scuffle, now subsided, between Peru and Ecuador, led a tired fellow-hack to presume in print that they got the idea from reading the papers. This shows how little we all understand South America, where revolutions and other armed brawls at intervals mean no more than a provincial by-election does to us, and are merely a means of political self-expression.

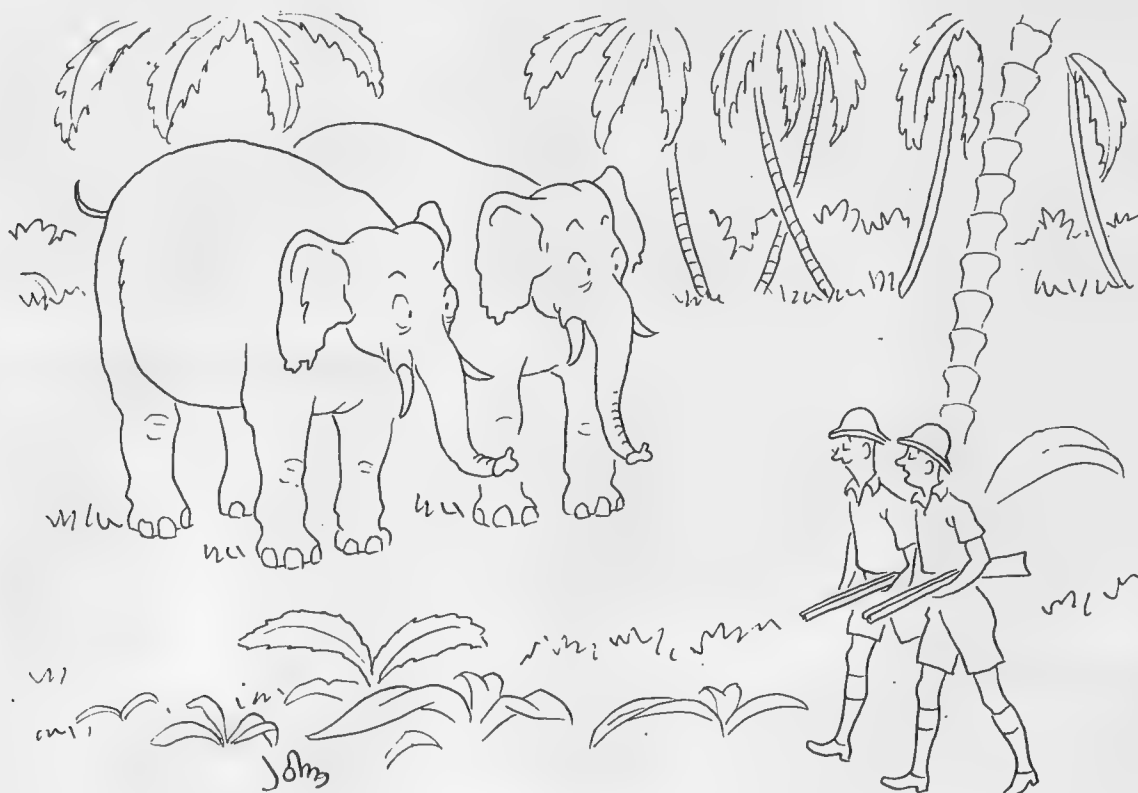
An Argentine philosopher explained the situation to us, quoting a minor State or two. The fact (he said) that General Aguardiente feels that General Chiliconcarne and his friends are holding down too many plummy Government jobs too long and proceeds to run the Chiliconcarne party out with his private army is a recurring commonplace like Spring and influenza and tourists and love and death, and does not affect the rhythm of national daily life one whit except for those of the populace close to the scene of the clash. Everywhere else farmers continue to plough and rancheros to ranch, bankers to bank, birds to sing and guitars to thrum under those velvet Southern skies. The actual rendezvous of the opposing troops may be a bit messy, and neighbouring convents and churches are the first to suffer, but the rest of the country takes no more notice than if Generals Aguardiente and Chiliconcarne were playing a game of draughts.

What surprises South America, this philosopher said, is the prim chattering of the serious European Press every time the boys in Opposition feel like a change.

## Shuffle

HE incidentally thought the Island Race a trifle smug about its peaceful party politics, arguing in principle that to clear out a given gang of politicians by

(Concluded on page 266)



"Look, Ernest, pink men!"



# Irish Sport

The Royal Dublin Society  
Jumping Competitions and the  
Louth Hunt Ball in Dublin



Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne were at Ballsbridge, Dublin, to see the Royal Dublin Society jumping competitions. The competitions were held during what would have been Dublin Horse Show week before the war

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Recently returned from a four-months visit to the U.S.A., Mr. Frank Aiken, Ireland's Minister for Defence, was with his wife at Ballsbridge



Nealia Plunket, Gay and Tessa Kindersley and Doon Plunket were some of the young people at Ballsbridge. Gay and Tessa Kindersley are the children of Lady Oranmore and Browne by her first marriage, and the Plunkets are the daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket



The Louth Hunt held their annual ball at the Gresham, Dublin. Captain A. F. F. Cooke, Miss Ursula Conry, Captain Reggie Birmingham, and Miss Alison Mansfield were there. Captains Cooke and Birmingham are both in the Inniskilling Fusiliers. Miss Alison Mansfield is a daughter of Captain L. T. Mansfield, of Moyle, Carlow, and hunts with the Carlow hounds

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER



Mr. H. Erskine Childers, T.D., Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, Minister for Finance in Eire, and Mrs. O'Kelly watched the jumping from the stand. Mr. Childers, who represents Athlone-Longford in the Dail, is the son of the author of that famous book, "The Riddle of the Sands"



Interested spectators of the jumping were the Marquess of Headfort and Lady Moore, wife of Sir Frederick Moore. Lord Headfort lives at Headfort House, Kells, Co. Meath



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

force, in the manner of Cromwell and Napoleon, saves oratory, time, and money. What matters, he said, is the people you replace them by. Which will remind you inevitably of that noted Bellocian epigram on a great General Election some years ago:

The accursed power that stands on Privilege  
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and Bridge),  
Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign.  
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women, and Champagne.)

## Festa

At the Savoy the other night some forty of his myriad friends gave a great and much-loved (and hated) British man of letters a silver flask, made in 1815, for his seventieth birthday, and three speeches. Ten years ago at a similar agape, when everybody had some money, we gave him a pure golden goblet, together with a Horatian Ode by Father Ronald Knox, beginning:

Note contemptis animo superbo  
divitum cenis, Hilari, sed inter  
sobrias doctos adhibere mensas  
care sodales;

—and every one of the forty or so men present made a speech in turn, those by

Duff Cooper and A. P. Herbert in particular causing great fun and laughter. Ten years hence, if we are all still here, it looks like being a pewter tankard and no speeches at all; but the pleasure will be the same.

This celebration, even when a frugal wartime one, differs from all others of its kind by being a love-feast; not that all the well-assorted chaps present love and admire each other to any extent, but they all love and admire the principal figure. Compare the normal dinner to some literary mogul or politician, where hardly anybody loves the guest of the evening except himself, and where, when all the flowery, boring speeches are over, everybody is conscious of one glaring omission, namely that no speaker has invited the smirking guest to cut himself a nice piece of throat. By that time everybody is mumbling sourly in the cloakroom and it is too late. Arnold Bennett wrote an amusing essay on this theme.

In the Ideal State no politician would be offered a dinner by his friends until a written examination-paper on their true feelings about him had been set to all who proposed attending. Those papers marked *betaminus* having been destroyed, the remaining candidates would be free to go to the dinner in a taxi.

## Need

OK and brass of triple-fold (observes the Roman poet) encompass'd sure that heart which first made bold the raging sea

to trust. And the first men to dare the sea in the dawn of the world probably suffered the same horrible penalties for slaking a mad thirst by drinking sea-water as shipwrecked seamen suffer in this war.

Attempts to make sea-water drinkable have been made, as Auntie *Times* mentioned the other day, and it seems that one British patent was acquired some time ago by a German firm. But no scientist seems yet to have invented a simple portable filter which a seaman could strap on his back before taking to the boats. Maybe that idea is too obvious for the science boys, who lack humility. So, probably, is the idea (which occurred to us some time ago) of fitting all ships' boats with refrigerators containing cubes of drinking-water. We once put this up to a well-known scientist we know, and got the usual thin-lipped pitying smile, after which he resumed a long falsetto monologue on splitting the Atom, so it's quite likely he stole our idea and is busily elaborating it, with a lot of jargon and flummery and mumbo-jumbo, right at this instant. That's how scientists get on and meet rich women and get asked out, though not very often.

## Afterthought

DRINKABLE sea-water will to some degree affect the booksy racket and the poets, who can obviously never have tried the experiment of biting their arm and sucking the blood, and crying "A sail! A sail!" Biting one's arm to this extent is not so easy as biting other people's ears, and you can quote us as saying it.

## Ration

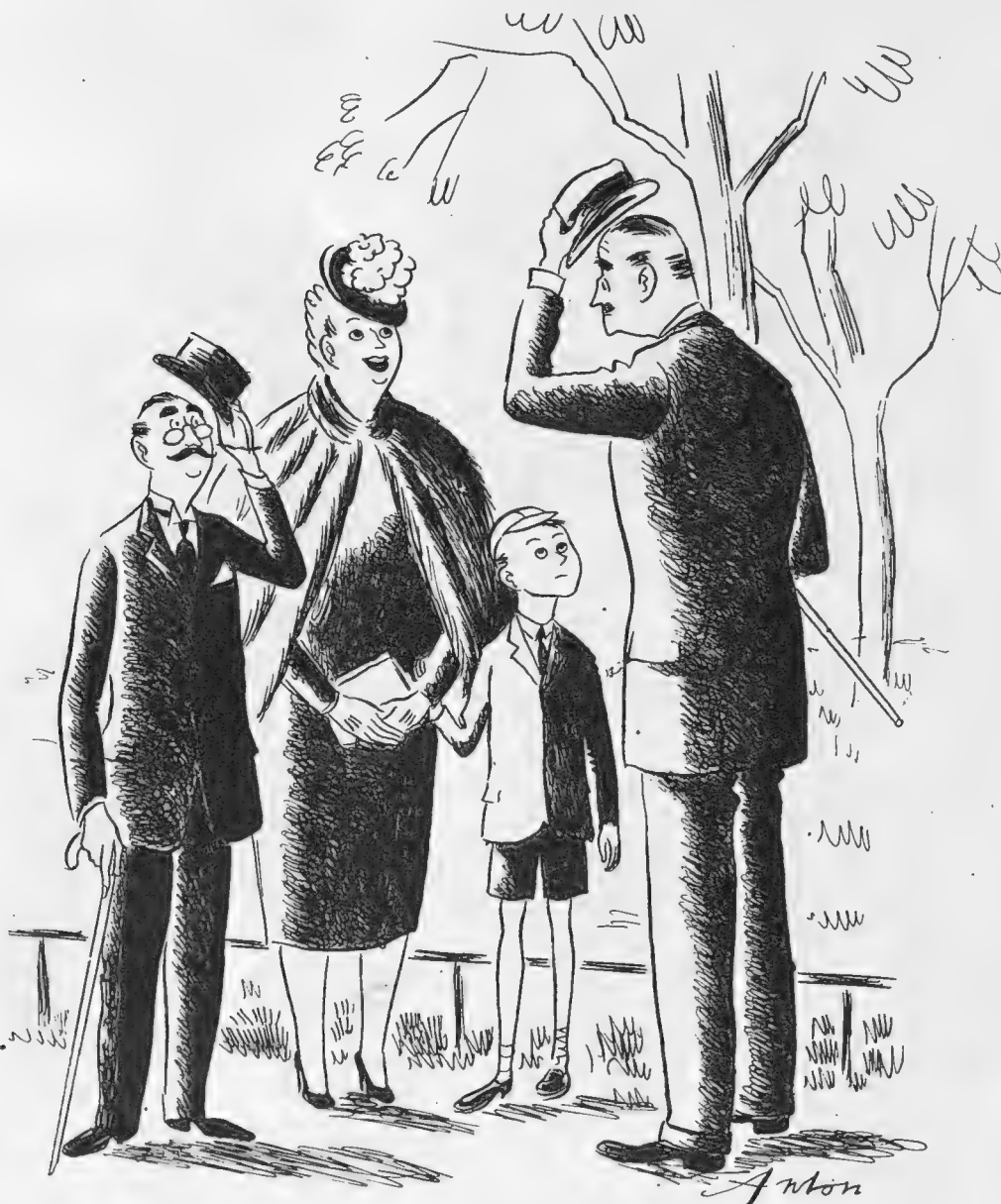
By seizing Indo-China, an authority remarks, the Japanese have ensured their military food supplies, which are mainly rice; which shows again how easy war is for the Oriental, when you think of all the solid food which has to be humped around to keep Western troops going, meat and bread and biscuit and jam and chocolate and wine and tea, not to speak of parcels from Mother and Fortnum and Mason.

Western men actually require much less food than this when pushed to it. Cortes' handful of conquistadors lived on leaves and insects when they crashed through the tropical forests and bridged rivers and fought in their steel breastplates under those hellish suns. Sir Henry Morgan's buccaneers in Panama on one occasion lived for days on strips of their jackboots, boiled (and we've often wished to know what the Harley Street vitamin boys make of that). The British Army's iron ration in World War I. was all its name implied, especially when you couldn't open the can, though we believe it is now practically a five-course dinner. But the Oriental has the bulge on us always in this matter because he never eats anything but rice to speak of, and a handful or so with a drink of water will see him through a battle, an earthquake, a love-affair, or a long visit from his wife's relations with equal success.

## Démenti

THIS conclusion looks like subtle propaganda for vegetarianism, which God forbid, seeing what the World's Most Eminent Vegetarian is doing to us at this very moment. We never pass what used to be the Eustace Miles Restaurant in Chandos Street—where some of the tables bore little flags for the benefit of vegetarians who, incredible as it may seem, wished to talk to each other—without making the sign against the Evil Eye.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"This is my little son, and this is my little husband"



## Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“ I know all about this ‘V’ campaign, but we can’t have this sort of thing going on in somebody else’s desert ”





*Better than London, is the opinion of the Bowater children, who have plenty of room to play about round the thatched farmhouse*

## Living in the Country

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater and  
Her Children in Buckinghamshire

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater decided "no more London for me," and took her children to live at the Old Farm, Great Horwood, in Bucks., at the beginning of this year. Her husband, a son of Mr. Noel Vansittart Bowater, is a Captain in the London Anti-Aircraft Brigade. They have three children, Susan, Michael and Charlotte, who have a pony and plenty of gardening to keep them amused, besides looking after the ducks and chickens. Mrs. Bowater is a daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn, who sometimes pay her a visit in the country

*The Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater with Susan, Charlotte and Michael*



*Photographs  
by Swaebe*



*Susan's pony comes to be fed with the chickens*



*Lettuces for lunch*



*Trowels for two*



## Girls in Uniform



*Miss Elizabeth Hambro*

*Harlip*

*Miss Hambro, a daughter of Captain Angus Hambro, M.P., is now serving with the M.T.C. Her father is the member for North Dorset, and her home is Merley House, Wimborne, Dorset*

*Miss June Gordon-Smith*

*Miss June Gordon-Smith is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gordon-Smith, who have a house in Wilton Place, S.W. She is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. and follows family tradition in joining the Forces*

*Dorothy Wilding*



*Mrs. Peter Hodge*

*Swaebe*

*Before the war Mrs. Peter Hodge was a champion ice skater, and won the Girls' Championship at the age of fifteen. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Macklin, and married in 1940 Mr. Peter Hodge, who is in the R.A. She is in the M.T.C. Her sister married Comte Jean de Caraman in 1939*



*Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott*

*Hay Wrightson*

*Miss Henderson-Scott, whose father and brother are both in the Scots Guards, is also in uniform, in the M.T.C. She is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Henderson-Scott, and would normally be a debutante this year. She is a remarkable linguist and an expert swimmer, and is a lieutenant in the Girl Guides*

## From Canada

A Royal Visit  
and Some of  
Those Helping  
the Dominion's  
War Effort



**Miss Gillian German**  
Miss German works for the Red Cross. She is the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Barry German, who before her marriage was Lady-in-Waiting to the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, wife of a former Governor-General.



### Minister's Wife

Mrs. Norman McLarty, wife of Canada's Labour Minister, is tireless in her efforts to provide comforts for the troops; and is organiser of women's knitting clubs who supply the Red Cross



### Mrs. C. T. Casselman, M.P.

Mrs. C. T. Casselman is one of the two women members in Canada's House of Commons, the other being Mrs. Doreen Neilson. She succeeded her husband, the late Frederick C. Casselman, as M.P. for Edmonton East, and was introduced to the House by Prime Minister King on June 11th

### Mrs. Graham Towers



Left: Miss Elizabeth Smellie, C.B.E., R.R.C., will be remembered for her great work in the last war, for which she was decorated. She is Matron-in-Chief of the Canadian Armed Forces, and a very popular and beloved figure

Right: Mrs. Graham Towers, whose husband is Governor of the Bank of Canada, runs the Red Cross Superfluity Shop in Ottawa in aid of war charities



### Matron-in-Chief

Portraits by  
Karsh, Ottawa





The Duke of Kent flew to Canada to inspect the Canadian Air Training Scheme. This picture was taken when he was at Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor-General. Front: Lady Byng of Vimy, Richard Abel Smith, H.R.H. Princess Alice, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, Miss Anne Abel Smith, H.E. the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada; back: Wing Commander Sir Louis Mountbatten, Lady May Abel Smith, Lieut. E. Chatfield, R.N.V.R., A.D.C. to the Governor-General, the Hon. Ariel Baird, Lady-in-Waiting, Flight Lieut. P. J. Ferguson, A.D.C. to the Duke of Kent, Captain R. C. Goff, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Mr. J. A. G. Reith, Secretary to the Duke of Kent, Major Jeffrey Eastwood, Comptroller of the Governor-General's Household, Commander Edson Sherwood, R.C.N., A.D.C. to the Governor-General.

*Below: Senator Iva Fallis*

*Senator Ira Fallis was the second woman to receive the distinction to be appointed to Canada's Upper House*



### First Woman Senator

*Senator Cairine Wilson was the first Canadian woman to be elected as Senator. Women in Canada are playing a very important part in the Dominion's war effort in every sphere, and notably in the factories for aircraft production, where their numbers grow daily*

# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Germany's Horror-history

How easily even just a little power goes to most people's heads! So that immediately they blossom—no, not like a rose, but like some aggressive weed which would climb over and subdue all to which it clings. One can see it in every walk of life and in most human associations. Vanity is, I suppose, at the bottom of it all and to a less, or greater, extent we are all just a little vain. We yearn to stand out from the crowd even though we stand only a symbolical few inches ahead. We are uncertain of our own merits and so we must force a way through to exhibit the few we believe we possess. It gives us a sense of "grandeur," though the result be only to skivvy—a maid-of-all-work about or make a wife or husband or relation toe-the-line.

Money, of course, is a magnificent "tank" with which to overcome most obstacles. That is one of the reasons, I believe, why most people seek it—so much more of it, that is, than may provide for everyday happiness. It encourages in others an atmosphere of awe and permits bad manners and vulgarity to masquerade as something almost Napoleonic! The glory-of-bringing out with a flourish a gold cigarette-case in the face of those who pick their Woodbines from a card-board wrapper. But this, of course, is only one aspect of that kind of false power which dazzles the owner of it as well as the toadies of his observer-corps. It is the knowledge that someone must

perform our behests which makes so many of us go off vanity's deep-end and sends us soaring far beyond the realms of proper pride.

It is very difficult to lead without making that leadership a mere glorifying of ourselves. To act eventually as if our followers were out for our good, not we for theirs. And so we come by gradual stages from the mire of the tin-pot Napoleons to those who, being Napoleon, lust after the conquering of the whole world—let those who suffer for this ambition endure as they may. Power for the sake of Power. A "mission" completely lost in the intoxicated glory of a fulfilled ambition. A blind adoration of sheer force. A fanatical worship of Might for the sake of sharing, however humbly, in that Mightiness. Briefly, a gilded Barbarism masquerading as a "Civilisation," with no standards of beauty, or culture, or morality, or unselfishness beyond the dictates of sheer Force. Too much the history—alas! for human happiness—of the German nation as exemplified in that terrific anthology of militarist philosophy: *Thus Spake Germany* (Routledge; 10s. 6d.), edited by W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter, with a foreword by Lord Vansittart.

## Europe's Human Curse

THIS is one of those kind of books which cannot possibly be ignored. Not all the wishful-thinking, the pacifist yearning, the Christian's "other cheek" can avoid the

issue—an ultimate issue which, at the end of the war, will have to be faced relentlessly. Otherwise there will never be any real peace and the more inhuman the more horrible side of history will repeat itself ad nauseam, or until humanity has sunk once more into that state of brutal barbarism from which, with so many heroic struggles, it had, at any rate, partly emerged.

This is certainly not a book for the "mealy" thoughtful. Such thinking, since the last Great War, probably precipitated the present one more completely than the much-criticised, but seldom studied, Treaty of Versailles. The evidence of it lies before us in this book. For it is an anthology of what the greatest leaders of Germany, in politics, in philosophy, in religion and in the realms of German Kultur, have been preaching out loud and all the time since the days of the rise of Prussia in the eighteenth century to Adolf Hitler; preaching it continuously and consistently. There is no getting away from this fact—the facts which so conscientiously are proclaimed in this book. And the one cry which has gone up from all these leaders of Germany is the cry of world-domination, of German rulership, of the German race-theory, of hatred towards every other nation, of malice to all men who are not German born and bred. It is this inherited, this cultivated "beast" in German men which must be eradicated as soon as possible, if European civilisation is to continue. It is the glorification of this "beast" which has been, is and will for ever be the German menace to peace and culture.

Nazi-ism is no new thing. It is but a continuation of an age-old fanaticism. Even as long ago as 1831 the great military historian of Germany, Clausewitz, was writing: "Just as Prussia has been fated to be the core of Germany, so Germany regenerated will be the core of the future empire of the world. And finally, that no

(Concluded on page 274)



Three Generations of Carnegies at the Golden Wedding of the Earl and Countess of Southesk

Lord and Lady Southesk celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on August 1st, and a big family gathering took place at their home, Kinnaird Castle, Angus. In this group are (front) the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Carnegie, daughter-in-law; Lady Katherine Bosanquet and Miss Mariota Bosanquet, daughter and granddaughter; the Countess of Southesk; the Earl of Southesk; Lady Mary Abel Smith and Michael and Rosemary Abel Smith, daughter and grandchildren; Miss Annette Bosanquet, granddaughter; the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie and Robin Carnegie, daughter-in-law and grandson; the Master of Carnegie, grandson, and son and heir of Lord Carnegie; (back) Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Carnegie, Scots Guards, grandson; Captain E. M. C. Abel Smith, R.N., son-in-law; Captain Lord Carnegie, Scots Guards, Commander the Hon. Alexander Carnegie, R.N., and Major the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, Black Watch, Lord and Lady Southesk's three sons





*From the music-room window runs a long path through the pines, beeches, bracken and rhododendrons of the Ascot country*

## Singer At Home

Count John McCormack at Woodend, Ascot

The most famous Irish singer of his age belongs to three countries besides his own. He studied in Milan (under Sabatini), made his debut as an operatic tenor in Italy, is a Count in the Papal peerage, and has received several decorations and appointments from the Vatican; he became a citizen of the United States in 1919, and for some time made his home in California; now he has made England his headquarters for the duration of the war. He is living in an attractive house among the Berkshire pines—Woodend, Ascot, where these pictures were taken—and gives much time to war-charity concerts and entertaining troops. McCormack, who made his Covent Garden debut in 1907, has sung in every country in the world except Russia and South America during his long and greatly successful career. In English-speaking countries it is perhaps as a singer of the folk-songs and ballads of his native land that he is most widely and most warmly loved. His biography, "*John McCormack: the Story of a Singer*," written by another Irishman, L. A. G. Strong, was published this year

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

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## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

one may be ignorant of it, we proclaim henceforth that our continental nation has a right to the sea, not only to the North Sea, but also to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Therefore we shall absorb, one after another, all the provinces which border on Prussia, we shall successively annex Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Franche-Comté, the North of Switzerland, Livonia, then Trieste and Venice; and finally the north of the Gallic region, from the Somme to the Loire."

### A Book to Remember Later On

To say that the authors of this book have done the thinking world a great service is to say less than they deserve. Everyone should read it and when the day comes for a European adjustment it should be read again. For, as Lord Vansittart writes: "The menace to be faced is not Nazism but Militarism, the Germany that has been and is still, though not necessarily the Germany to be. But until we have actually got that new Germany, we will not desist . . . from driving home the truth which the people of the world never yet had in its amplitude. If there is any further flinching from it, there is not a monkey's chance of a better world."

Maybe, let me add, books such as this one will, when the peace terms come to be settled, help to secure for youth a peace—unlike the vain sacrifice which youth won in 1918 for elderly politicians and stay-at-homes to fritter away—which will endure and be worthy of the cause of human liberty for which they laid down their lives.

### A Good First Novel

"*SALUTATION INN*" (Michael Joseph; 8s.) by Richard Gray is as good a first novel as I have read for some little time.

It has its faults—one especially—but it achieves an atmosphere of tension which at all times is an extremely difficult feat. It holds the imagination and the real interest never wanders. The one thing difficult to swallow is that any man wanted for murder, like Inigo Orton was, would so carelessly expose himself to suspicion even among people who had no notion of his real identity. I may be wrong, but I think if I had committed a murder I would not go to a country inn, however lonely the situation, where every stranger is a marked man and his history invented for him even when he reveals nothing of it himself. Country places are like that and therefore they are no hiding-place for criminals at large, especially those whose portraits have already appeared in Sunday newspapers. In some huge city is a far better place, I should imagine.

Turning a blind eye to this circumstance, however, the story moves swiftly and convincingly. Inigo is a desperate man. He knows that sooner or later he will be discovered, but in the meanwhile he will seize every opportunity which will enable him to half-ignore the possibility. He drinks. He begins a passionate affair with the barmaid, a girl who carries her sex like a kind of banner. He plays up to an elderly woman staying in the house who, since her beloved son disappeared, has been waiting for him on emotional tip-toe ever since. Inigo she fancies is like this son. She follows him about wherever she can, haunting him with her mother-love. She is rich, presumably. Inigo thinks she may help him to escape. He plays up to her, yet hating himself at the same time for pandering to her mentally disordered state. Nobody however, in the inn really suspects him to be other than he pretends to be—a writer out for material—except the landlord's son who, fired by penny dreadfuls, believes that he is destined for Scotland Yard's C.I.D. But the net of discovery draws ever tighter—tightest of all in the mind of the man who imagines that discovery of his identity is

imminent. It is this fear at last which gives him away, hunting him like a pursued animal until he seems to lose his reason and come deliberately to a violent end. It is fear, however, which is his undoing, rather than conscience. His is no real criminal nature; he cannot brazen things out until even the wary are deceived.

This atmosphere of tension is sustained well throughout the story and lends it real distinction. Nothing possessed of finality ever happens until the very end, but it is always on the verge of happening—at least that is the suggestion in every chapter of the story. It gives it excitement and suspense, and carries you along from page to page wondering all the time what is going to happen next. Which, after all, is one of the signs of a good story, isn't it?

### No Beating-about-the-Bush Here

WHAT I like best about Pamela Kelling's somewhat sordid story of slum-life, *This Little Hand* (Robert Hale; 8s.), is that she never hangs a pretty bunch of wild flowers, speaking symbolically, in the heroine's window. This may not please the elderly ladies who get the moral jitters whenever something approaching the naked truth is revealed unto them, but it does lend a genuine power and distinction to this novel.

Flo Parker's story is told in a kind of jaunty slang, typical of herself. For Flo knew only too well how many beans make five long before most little girls can count at all. Her father was a plumber's mate, far more often on the dole than off it. Her mother was a cleaner at an East-End store; a hard worker who felt (and so do we) that she was entitled to clear the kitchen every Friday and Saturday night so that she could get drunk in peace. Edie, Flo's elder sister, was mentally deficient, never getting much beyond the age of ten. Ol, a boy cousin, lived with them in the two rooms they occupied which had every possible inconvenience.

The story concerns Flo's history up to the age of seventeen. At sixteen she was a packer in the stores where her mother worked. There were few things anyone could teach her, but she kept her pretty little head and was as quick-witted as a vixen. When she was picked up by two men in a car she had no illusions as to what would happen. She went. A motor-salesman had seduced her, but she did not lament. Always she demanded as good as she gave, and more if possible. Yet she is likeable because, of her kind, she is real. When, however, she learnt that Edie was about to become a mother, she did almost lose her head. In her hurry she turned to "Doctor" Karam Rawley, a handsome, dreamy half-caste Indian; a complete scoundrel, but an attractive one. This character, with that of Flo herself, stands out as a human study definitely convincing and alive. With Flo's connivance the "Doctor" later on burgles the stores where she worked. There is a murder, then another: a false accusation, and finally Flo, horribly frightened, but still infatuated, murders Karam and attempts suicide.

The end is perhaps a little too violent, but it "belongs" nevertheless to the pattern of life and character revealed in the story. Miss Kelling paints no moral, but, as I wrote above, a symbolical bunch of wild flowers in the slum-window would have ruined the tale's realism and her own sincere purpose. This novel, too, has certain faults, but—if you can stand up to its theme—it is astonishingly good.



Ambulance Commandant and Scientist

Mrs. Doris Mary Bentley and Sir William Bragg were two of the celebrities at the gala performance of "*Lady Hamilton*," in aid of the British Volunteer Ambulance Society. Sir William Bragg, former President of the Royal Society, is chairman of the B.V.A.S. and Mrs. Bentley is Commandant of No. 4 Section (comprising forty ambulances) of the Corps. "*Lady Hamilton*," Korda's film about Nelson and Emma Hamilton, is at the Odeon



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



Carter — Murray

Left: Captain D. A. E. Carter, R.A., and Dorothy Murray were married at St. Michael's R.C. Church, Aldershot. His parents are Major and Mrs. E. G. W. Carter, of Camberley, Surrey, and hers are Brigadier and Mrs. C. A. Murray, of Woodside, Fleet, Hants.



Hole — Carden-Jones

Right: Lieut. Michael Reynolds Hole, D.S.C., R.N., only son of the late J. Reynolds Hole, and Mrs. Reynolds Hole, of Pilgrims, Chilworth, Hants., and Pamela Carden-Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carden-Jones, of 7, Clareville Court, S.W.7, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Road



Mrs. R. S. Jephson

Patricia Elizabeth Folkes, daughter of the late Herbert J. Folkes, and Mrs. Folkes, of Stourton Hall, near Stourbridge, Worcs., was married at Wolverhampton to Flying-Officer Richard S. Jephson, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Jephson, of Victoria, B.C.



Martens — Shanks

John E. (Dick) Martens, A.T.A., elder son of the late E. G. Martens, and Mrs. Martens, of the Old Rectory, Rotherby, Leicestershire, and Diana Evelyn Mary Shanks, daughter of Mrs. Edward Shanks, of 3, Trevor Street, S.W.1, and 3, Castle Gardens, Betchworth, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Brockham Green



Isabel Radford

Isabel Radford, younger daughter of E. A. Radford, M.P., and Mrs. Radford, of White Gables, Wilmslow, Cheshire, is engaged to Captain J. Roland Elliott, R.A. Her father's constituency is Rusholme, Manchester. She is in the Land Army



Brereton — Sowels

Sec.-Lieut. Charles Brereton, son of Canon and Mrs. Brereton, of Moulton Rectory, Newmarket, and Gladys Sowels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sowels, of the Manor House, Preston Capes, Rugby, were married at St. Peter and St. Paul's, Preston Capes



Smith — Lynskey

Whitby Wightman Smith, of Overheath, Flackwell Heath, Bucks., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Smith, and Noreen Mary Lynskey, younger daughter of G. Justin Lynskey, K.C., and Mrs. Lynskey, of 87, Redington Road, Hampstead, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Straghan — Drage

Captain Peter Straghan, M.C., Norfolk Regiment and Reconnaissance Corps, was married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, to Diana Drage, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drage, of Padworth, Heathside Avenue, Woking, Surrey

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# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## "Occupational Therapy"

THE above phrase is not original, but pinched from an article in *The Billiard Player*, written by a medicine-man who is obviously not one of those who just after saying "Put out your tongue," hits you in the wind and asks you if it hurts. That doctor was appealing, as I am now about to do, for the Billiards for the Services Fund, a most admirable scheme, and one which anyone and everyone who may have a billiard-table to spare, or even not to spare, ought to back up, because it is just that kind of game which can do so much towards aiding "occupational therapy," which, in language which you and I understand better, is giving the sick or wounded man, the shell-shock man, and the downcast, just that little bit of aid which helps the finest of all doctors, Dame Nature, to do her stuff.

There is no shorter cut to cure than that provided by the thing which will switch the mind off the hurt. The worst possible service you can do is to encourage anyone to brood over his ailment. It is, as we all know only too well, a very favourite pastime with many; but it puts the biggest brake upon curing of which you can think. "Look before you leap if you like, but if you mean leaping, don't look long, or the weakest place will soon grow stiff, and the strongest doubly strong." Lindsay Gordon knew all about "occupational therapy." That collar-bone, that arm, that leg, that bashed nose, will hurt twice as much if you are encouraged to think about them and chatter about them. I am talking from personal experience, and I know that this good "billiards" doctor is dead right. Pills are excellent things in their way, but these other "pills" may be even better and I am sure they are.

The Billiards for the Services Fund is out to help this doctor in his work by getting more tables, or the money to buy them, for the men in the units stuck in some isolated spot where "occupational therapy" can do much. So let us all try to back it up, and the address you want is: The Secretary, 512, Cecil Chambers, 76, Strand, W.C.2.

## And . . .

ONE of the best occupational therapists at the moment is his Gracious Majesty the King. Possibly it is only the few who recognise this fact. Why, is it supposed, does the King keep Big Game and his other horses in training in the midst of the bloodiest and most expensive war in history? Not merely to help to maintain a most remunerative British industry, though that would be good reason enough, but to help indirectly in that far more important thing, the keeping of his nation upon an even keel. The sea is rough enough to turn the stomach of the stoutest, and the war of nerves, of which the enemy is a past-master, goes on unceasingly; the need for all antidotes to the insidious poison is vital. Anyone who provides any such antidote is doing as good a job of work as the next man, provided always that his energies are rightly directed. Taking the mind off the unpleasant and leading it up a restful avenue is to provide some of the best curative medicine in the world. The selfish waster never is, and never has been, any good, either to himself or to anyone else; but the man who does the seemingly unimportant at the psychological moment is pulling every ounce of his weight. So be it billiards, boxing, or even bumble-puppy, it all forms a part of that wonderful remedy, "occupational therapy."

## A Leger "Springer"

AS he is the first of this season's three-year-olds to win over a distance approximating to that of the Leger (September 6th), we are bound to take quite serious notice of Mazarin's success in the Andover Plate (1 mile 5 furlongs), at Newbury (August 8th). The names, weights, and distances were: Mazarin, 8-8 (1); Royalist, 8-8 (2); Thoroughfare, 8-4 (3); a neck and a head. If you were handicapping them, you would be bound to say that this makes these three one and the same, though you might justifiably give Thoroughfare 1 lb. or even 2 lb., but for all practicable purposes they are, on this form, about level in merit.

The performance which might, however, influence you to think that Mazarin is more than 2 lb. better than Thoroughfare is that shown when this pair met in the 1½-mile Sarum Stakes at Salisbury (July 26th), when at level weights (8-5), Mazarin won by three-quarters of a length; Fettes 8-10 (3), a length and a half behind Thoroughfare. Fettes has just won a 1¼-mile race at Newbury fairly comfortably against a field which was not, perhaps, out of the top drawer. Be this as it may, this race certainly reinforces the Sarum Stakes form of Mazarin. In the Derby, Mazarin ran no-how; Thoroughfare was eighth, and Chateau Larose, eleventh.

## A Grey Foundation Stone

THIS last-mentioned form is somewhat important to note, because in this 1 mile 5 furlongs Andover Plate at Newbury, Chateau Larose, coming with a very late run, was going faster than any of them at the finish, and the expert opinion was that if he had not been out of his ground when they came into the straight, he must have won.

A bit puzzling, I think. In an early, pre-Derby unofficial handicap, they put Chateau Larose 4 lb. behind Owen Tudor; the Derby running puts him something like a stone behind that winner; they made Chateau Larose 1 lb. better than Mazarin, and 4 lb. better than Thoroughfare. The Derby running left few of the unplaced ones with any chance in the Leger, yet things on the Turf alter in a somewhat



Miss Maureen Kiernan won two prizes with her Irish setter, *Uiscebeata of Derrycarne*. The show was held at Monkstown, Co. Dublin. Miss Kiernan has probably won more prizes at Irish dog-shows than any other woman.



Mrs. Charles Thompson, of Dundrum, Co. Dublin, had a successful day with her unbeaten team of elkhounds. They won the Green Star, and first prizes in all the five classes in which they competed.



A last-minute brush-up was given by Mrs. Molly Sharpe to her prize-winning Afghan hound, *Hasin of Chaman*, before entering the ring. Mrs. Sharpe lives at Carig, Muff, in County Donegal.

Pool, Dublin

## Dogs and Their Mistresses at the Dun Laoghaire Championship Dog Show





### Fifth-Columnist Nursemaid

A sentry of the Scottish Command Home Guards was shot by an enemy agent, masquerading as a nursemaid, during recent Home Guard exercises. As this picture shows, a perambulator affords good cover for sniping Fifth-Columnists

startling manner, for now we see that both Mazarin and Thoroughfare are stayers, and that Chateau Larose ought to have beaten both of them.

These little Turf puzzles are set with the object of doing a little "occupational therapy." My own view remains the same, namely, that Owen Tudor is still the Leger form selection. Reason? That little foundation-stone Morogoro. There was a much better class field in the Derby than there was in this race which Mazarin has just won. However, you think it out and please yourself!

### The Tappit Hen

WHILST it would be presumptuous in the last degree for a mere Sassenach to question the assertion by so many erudite persons that a "tappit hen" is a Scottish drinking vessel which held about three English quarts—a man's drink, in fact—it is perhaps permissible to seek an explanation of a reference in a well-known ballad to the bride of that doughty man, the Laird o' Cockpen—one Mistress Jean, who, on second thoughts, recognised that she had been daft to refuse his hand and heart. We are told: "Noo she sits in his Ha' like a weel-tappit hen, but as yet na chuckens have appeared at Cockpen." I feel that the writer of the song cannot have had in mind anything so prosaic as a three-quart pot when he made that reference to the lovely, penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

Scottish song-writers being as a rule very meticulous, I am convinced that this particular one would never have been so impolite or maladroit. The drinking-vessel incidentally does not hold three English quarts, but three Scottish mutchins—a mutchin being equal to an English imperial pint.



### Horsemen in Uniform

Some well-known hunting and racing people now in the Army are Lt. J. B. Bailey, amateur rider, Lt. M. W. Blackmore, trainer, Capt. A. L. Beloe, amateur rider, Lt.-Col. C. T. Middleton, M.F.H., Lieut. D. G. Snow, trainer, Lt. A. Murless, trainer

### Freeman

IT is by this name that I feel sure Lord Willingdon would best like to be remembered. Unlike another Excellency who loathed being called George, especially by a bishop who happened to have been at Eton with him, Lord Willingdon was never a Simeon Stylites set upon a pedestal all by himself. Others have spoken of his brilliant public career; here it is proposed to deal only with that other side. It was always said that he was the possessor of the best pair of wrists which ever came out of Eton, and even when he first got into the XI., that great professor, Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, in whose house he was, predicted a Blue for him when he went up to the 'Varsity. This in due course materialised at Cambridge. When he and Lady Willingdon first met it was when, as children, they hunted with the East Sussex, of which Lord Brassey, Lady Willingdon's father, was a notable Master in the most resplendent days of

Normanhurst. It is true that one Lester, an opulent St. Leonards horse-dealer, fervently believed that he was the real M.F.H., a belief shared in a minor degree by young Lester, his hard-punching son. This was in the times when East Sussex and West Kent were pervaded by Nevills, Brasseys, Egertons, Frewens and Ashburnhams. Lady Willingdon and her sister came out in hunting-caps, a form of head-dress also favoured by their mother, Lady "Sunbeam" Brassey. West Kent and East Sussex were closely linked by marriage ties, for Charles Egerton, a Master of the East Sussex, married a Brassey, and the Hon. Tom Brassey, Lord Brassey's son, married Lady Idina Nevill, sister of Lord George Nevill, father of the present Marquess of Abergavenny, who was at this time Master of the West Kent Woodland. It is hardly necessary to speak of the deep sympathy felt for Lady Willingdon, who was as greatly beloved in India, in Canada and everywhere else as her husband.



### The Officers of a Royal Fusiliers Battalion

(Front row, sitting) Capts. M. C. A. Wright, B. C. Clarke, K. E. Barron (Adjutant), Major P. L. M. Battye, M.C., (Second in Command), the Commanding Officer, Major P. S. M. Wilkinson, Capts. R. H. Adams, T. Sime, R. A. Wolley; (second row) Sec.-Lieuts. A. Claridge, C. E. Feather, R. A. H. Stock, E. D. de Levingne, R. S. L. C. Riddle, W. D. Haden, Lieut. J. D. Keeler, J. E. Braddock; (third row) Sec.-Lieuts. R. C. Davey, R. R. Sallis, G. M. C. Robinson, Lieut. A. T. Walker, Capt. W. R. S. Campbell (R.A.M.C.), Lieuts. T. W. Perkins, F. J. Harrison, Sec.-Lieuts. T. H. Leonard, D. G. Carmichael, W. G. Keen; (back row) Sec.-Lieut. K. S. Ayres, Lieut. R. D. Sach, Sec.-Lieuts. R. H. B. Smith, S. W. Parry-Jones, C. K. Chilcott, G. J. Ansell, Lieut. J. A. Spark, Sec.-Lieut. C. F. Gould

# Getting Married (Continued)



**Lascelles — Charles**

Major H. A. Lascelles, Royal Tank Regiment, and Ethne Charles were married earlier this year at All Saints' Cathedral, Cairo. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lascelles, of 38, Argyll Road, W.8. She is the daughter of the late Norman Charles, and Mrs. Charles, of Weston-super-Mare



**Euler — Bowl**

A Naval wedding at Norfolk, Virginia, in June this year, was that of Lieut. H. Leonard Euler, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Euler, of Redroofs, Bromley, Kent, and Jane Elizabeth Bowl, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bowl, of New York, and Wembley



**Cullen-Wyness — Siddle**

A Cheshire wedding, at St. Anne's Manchester, was that of Pilot Officer Drew Rothwell Cullen-Wyness, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Captain A. Cullen-Wyness, and Mrs. Ernest Rothband, of Brooklands, Cheshire, and Ruth Siddle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Siddle, of Cheadle Hulme



**Petrie — Slater**

John Charles Michael Petrie, R.A., only son of C. R. Petrie, of 12, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and Warwickshire, and Mrs. D. E. A. Petrie, of Castle Court, Cardiff, and Eva Joyce Slater, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Slater, of Pen-y-lan, Cardiff, were married at Llanishan, Glam.



**Millar — Collier**

Sec.-Lieut. A. K. Millar, son of A. S. Millar, of Bassett, Southampton, and Joy Collier, daughter of the late Dr. James Collier, of Wimpole Street, W.1, and Mrs. Collier, of Sun Court, Hadleigh, Suffolk, were married at Pembrey Church. The bride is an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.



**Skrine — Muir**

Sec.-Lieut. Ivor Barry Skrine, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, elder son of Mrs. F. A. Priestley, of Ashleyton, Colliers Wood, S.W., and Margaret Muir, younger daughter of the late R. S. Muir, and Mrs. Muir, of Eltrick Shaws, Selkirk, were married at Kirkhope Parish Church



**Mitchell — Toms**

Philip Mitchell, Royal Corps of Signals, son of Captain and Mrs. Mitchell, of Winderton Lodge, Littlehampton, and Phyllis Toms, elder daughter of the late Col. F. B. Toms, and Mrs. Toms, of Apple Tree Cottage, Mayfield, Sussex, were married at St. Dunstan's, Mayfield



**Boddy — Maxwell**

Lieut. (E.) John Gouldthorpe Boddy, R.N., younger son of the late Eng.-Com. R. H. G. Boddy, and Mrs. J. R. Cooper, of the Old Manse, Banchory Devenick, Aberdeenshire, and Dorothy Patricia Maxwell, elder daughter of Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. J. A. Maxwell, R.N. Hospital, Plymouth, were married at St. Peter's, Meavy

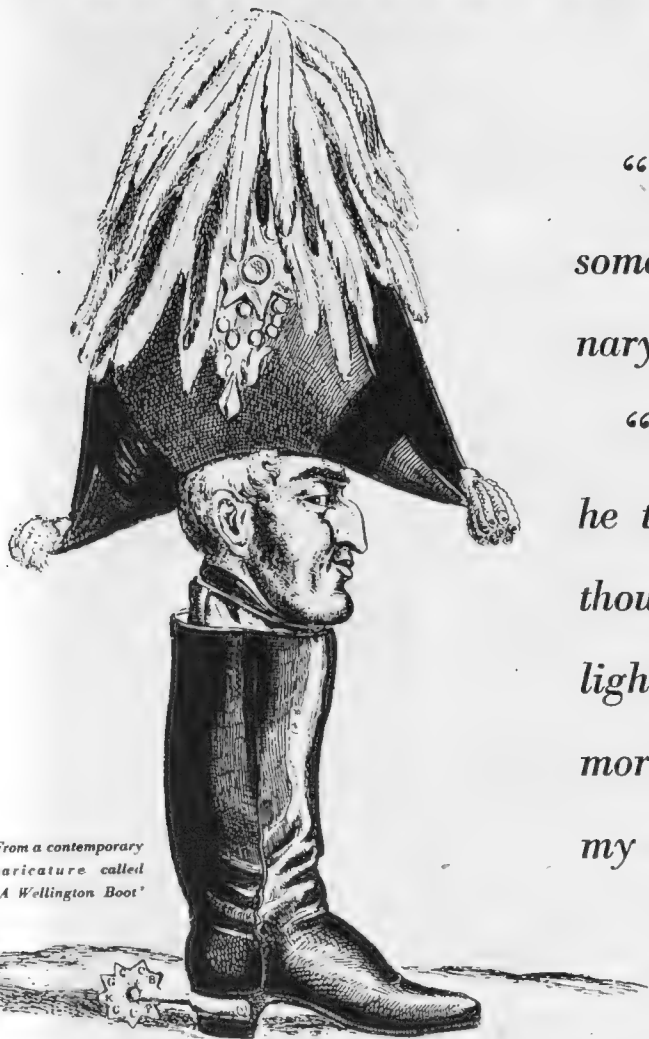


**Green — Rendall**

Lieut. Francis Archibald Killocksley Green, R.A., son of the late R. K. Green, and Mrs. Green, of Ridge Cottage, Burleigh, Stroud, and Armored de Lubersac Shuttleworth Rendall, F.A.N.Y., daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. F. H. S. Rendall, and Mrs. G. Edward-Collins, of Polgwin, Bodmin, were married at Brigrmerston Parish Church



# Guinness at Waterloo



From a contemporary  
caricature called  
'A Wellington Boot'

*"When I was sufficiently recovered to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness."*

*"Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass... I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful... I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."*

From the diary of one of Wellington's officers, after he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, June, 1815. Quoted in "Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.

## —and Guinness today



In times of difficulty and suffering, men and women have ever turned to Guinness as a natural source of strength and comfort.

For Guinness is more than a very good drink. It is a tonic for both body and mind, and in the words of a doctor, "a balm to tired and worn-out nerves."

If you are tired, Guinness refreshes you. If your nerves are on edge, Guinness helps you to see things calmly and cheerfully. If you have lost your enjoyment of meals, Guinness restores it.

Truly, there's nothing like a Guinness. Have one with your lunch or dinner today.

*The extract quoted above from a doctor's letter is published by special permission.*

## GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Papaplanes

FATHER used to sit on the floor and play trains; now he will sit on the grass and play planes. In Chicago, "city built upon a screw," United States model makers have held a competition of a highly significant kind. It was for radio-controlled model flying-machines; toys for technologists.

A friend has written to me of some of the performances, which were very remarkable. One aeroplane with a six-foot wing-span was caused by its radio-controller to taxi out, take off, climb to 300 ft., turn, make its approach, and land. Another, slightly larger model, was made to loop. One machine made a two-mile cross-country flight.

Here, surely, we have the answer to the pater's prayer; the ideal present for any father to give himself on the occasion of his son's birthday. It is an inevitable step this, from kiddie-cars to papaplanes—and I present that revolting term to the publicity men free of charge. It has the merit, seemingly sought after in the advertising world, of combining illiteracy with a horror of "homeyness."

## A Proxy War

THE coming of the radio-controlled model aeroplane ought to make war by proxy possible. Fleets of radio-controlled model aeroplanes could be hurled against one another and—if necessary in order to

assuage the German thirst for fire, flame and destruction—model bombs could be dropped on model towns. General Field-Marshal Goering (and I am assured that he does in fact hold that seemingly tautological title) would sit at one switchboard, and Sir Archibald Sinclair or Sir Charles Portal at another.

Then there would be a desperate contest in button-pushing, a relentless struggle in switch-pressing, a furious grapple in knob-twirling. The Germans could have all their lethal fun vicariously. We might be able to supply them with model figures to form the air crews of the model aeroplanes; and to arrange that when wounded the model figures would *really bleed*. Surely that would be a big attraction for any normally constituted German.

I fear, however, that the normally constituted German would not play. Playing would be much too sensible a procedure for him. So we may presume that the significance of these Chicago model competitions is rather that there has been a considerable advance in America in the general understanding and application of methods of radio-control of aircraft, and that it portends an equivalent advance in full-size flying.

## Magic Moth

IT must be several years ago that I went down to Farnborough and saw a radio-controlled Moth demonstrated there. It was an impressive show and my recollection is (though I am a little uncertain about this) that the Moth was made to loop.

It was understood then that the method of control had been fully studied, and that it was simple to make the machine do any required manoeuvre by radio-control, but that the snag was shortness of range. Perhaps that snag remains; and if it does, perhaps it is as well.

But the appearance of the radio-controlled aircraft in war is inevitable if wars last long enough. In peace I can visualise many uses of radio-control, not the least having to do with glider trains. The gliders would act as slip-coaches on a railway, and would be brought down and landed after casting-off from the towing machine, by radio-control. It sounds good, anyway.

## Contra-Rotol

CONTRA-ROTATING, co-axial airscrews have been discussed by the experts on many occasions; but owing to their forbidding name, they do not often appear in the general news. Yet they are of supreme importance in the development of speed and climb in aircraft. They are becoming more and more desirable as engine powers go up, and operating heights and speeds increase.

Now the Rotol people have come out with their six-bladed contraprop (which seems to me the best word for this kind of airscrew), and we reach the stage of practical application.

There was a most pleasant meeting when the new Rotol contraprop was announced, and the company's engineers undertook the always risky task of answering questions about the new product. They did extraordinarily well and gave a clear picture of what is, after all, a new development.



*Air Vice-Marshal R. E. Saul, C.B., D.F.C.*

*This portrait of Air Vice-Marshal Saul was painted by Flight-Lieut. Warwick W. Lendon, R.A.F.V.R., when the artist was serving under him last autumn. They were together in the last war when, in 1916, Saul was an observer in No. 2 Squadron, R.F.C., and Lendon was the Squadron's Recording Officer. Another contemporary was Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson, who was then in "A" Flight. Air Vice-Marshal Saul was awarded the C.B. last March*

It is true that the Italians, when they made their speed record of 441 miles an hour in October, 1934, used counter-rotating co-axial airscrews; but these did not constitute a contraprop, first because each airscrew was separate and connected to a separate engine (the seaplane had two tandem-mounted engines), and second, because the airscrews were not of the constant speed type.

The Rotol contraprop is a constant-speed, six-bladed, with quick feathering, and carrying de-icing equipment. Its advantages are that it eliminates swing at take-off; and also in combat, when the throttle is suddenly opened or closed, it improves the aircraft's handling characteristics during aerobatics, it straightens out the slip-stream, and it also enables the power to be absorbed with a smaller diameter airscrew.

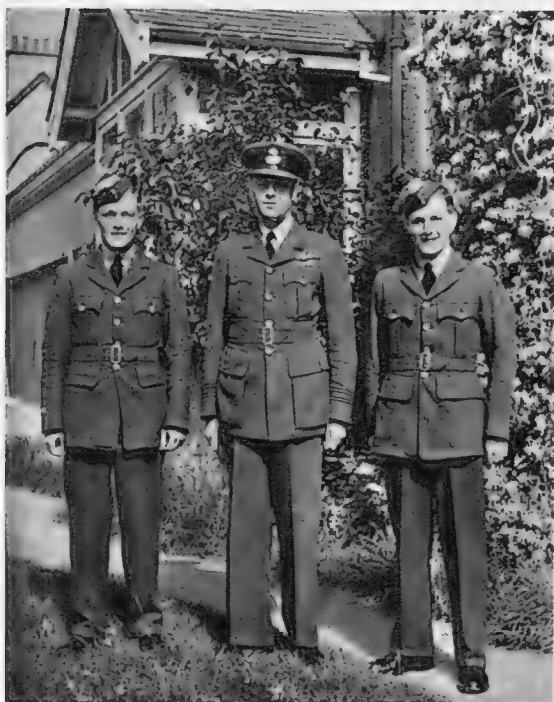
## B.O.A.

DIPLOMATIC incidents have come to mean rather less than nothing. Nevertheless, I think it advisable to remember that the Pan-American Clippers do not bring their passengers to this country. To do so would be a breach of the Neutrality Act.

What happens is that the Clippers set down their passengers at Lisbon, and British Overseas Airways machines bring them on to this country. The distance is more than 1200 miles, and the B.O.A. pilots fly through war skies and did so right through the period of the air battle of Britain last year.

I believe that they are now operating at least a daily schedule each way. This is a fine effort by the B.O.A., and it deserves acknowledgment. It has been appreciated from the first that air-lines would be of value to our war effort as providing high-speed communications.

But the call for aircraft and trained air crews has been such that the commercial lines have rightly been forced to take a back place. After all, the Royal Air Force must have absolute priority. But it is fortunate that some commercial lines have been preserved, and that they are helping in the war effort.



*Famous V.C.'s Twin Cadet Sons*

*A.C.2 D. O'Leary and A.C.2 J. M. O'Leary, the twin sons of Captain M. J. O'Leary, V.C., are here with Squadron Leader W. G. L. Peters, Officer Commanding No. 1 Squadron of an R.A.F. Training Wing. As a lance-corporal in the Irish Guards their father won the V.C. for conspicuous bravery on the battlefield of Cuinchy on February 1st, 1915, for storming two machine-gun posts, killing five Germans and capturing two. Captain O'Leary, V.C. is now serving in the Middlesex Regiment*





## Uniform Distinction

Service men who come to us expect and appreciate the good tailoring we give. We know, for instance, the idiosyncrasies of dress peculiar to the regiment a man is joining. We can help him choose underclothes and etceteras on the spot. If he cannot come to us, we will send an expert fitter to him at his quarters. If he is pressed for time, we have perfectly tailored uniforms ready for wear. Altogether, we take a pride in making the purchase of a uniform a comfortable business.

### ARMY

Prices, including Tax, from—			£	s.	d.
S.D. jacket	-	-	7	0	0
Cloth belt	-	-	0	10	0
Slacks	-	-	2	15	0
Greatcoat	-	-	10	10	0
Waterproof	-	-	4	10	0
Peaked cap (badge extra)	-	-	1	10	6
Sam Browne belt, one	-	-			
brace	-	-	1	14	0
Whistle and lanyard	-	-	0	5	0
Cane	-	-	0	1	9
Shirt with two collars	-	-	0	12	6
Tie	-	-	0	2	6
Marching boots	-	-	2	13	0
Socks	-	-	0	3	6
Gloves	-	-	0	8	0

### R.A.F.

Prices, including Tax, from—			£	s.	d.
S.D. jacket, complete	-	-	7	15	0
Slacks	-	-	2	15	0
Greatcoat, complete	-	-	11	10	0
Raincoat	-	-	4	10	0
Peaked cap and badge	-	-	2	2	9
Field Service cap	-	-	1	8	9
Shirt	-	-	0	12	6
Collar	-	-	0	1	5
Tie	-	-	0	3	6
Shoes	-	-	2	2	0
Socks	-	-	0	3	6
Gloves	-	-	0	8	0

# AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 • 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Aldershot, Alton, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Bristol, Droitwich, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Grantham, Hove, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Morecambe, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Richmond (Yorks), Sheffield, Shrivenham, Southampton.



## ... - mine was a full-blooded effort

We can't all go up ourselves and knock Germany out of the sky, but we can all claim a share in the R.A.F.'s knock-out blows.

We shall all be proud to tell our children of the part *we* played—if we put our backs into fighting the war. Kill the fires, guard the countryside, bring food out of the soil, speed the factories—yes. But one more thing. **DON'T SPEND A SHILLING YOU CAN SAVE.**

Save all you can and put it into the war against Hitlerism. Bluntly—if you aren't doing this (whatever else you do) you aren't doing your bit.

**Buy**  
**3% Defence Bonds**

*An ideal investment for everybody*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London



Economy in wartime is essential not only in cash, but in coupons. The "Gala Girl" is warmly to be congratulated on the introduction of Liquid Stockings. The preparation is sold practically everywhere. After the legs have been treated, they look as though sheer silk stockings were worn. It is quite simple to use, a particularly attractive shade being "Grape" Mist. After application of the liquid, the aid of Seam Stik must be sought: it is in the form of a pencil, and accentuates the seams in a natural manner. Another practical gadget is the Economy Powder Box, reinforced with a little wooden stopper, hence there is no waste. It seems almost unnecessary to draw attention to the refills for lipstick cases, as they have achieved unique success

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



Never has there been a time when more attention has been paid to footwear. Gone is the high heel that was anathema in the eyes of the medical profession. Among the illustrations on this page is a "Selby" suede shoe (1), trimmed with calf; in the "flap" calf and suede are present. (2 and 3) Physical Culture shoes; the former is of black suede trimmed with patent, the latter is a classic model in calf with over eyelets. Among the many important features of the Physical Culture Shoes are the Metatarsal cushion, the Scaphoid brace, and the steel arch bridge. The cushion gives complete support and inclines the toes to a natural gripping position. The Brace gives a gentle support that tends to keep the foot in a natural position. The bridge fits into the arch, causing the weight of the foot to fall on the heel ball and outer arch



# The Belmont



**FUR 365 FELTS**



"365" FUR FELTS ARE STOCKED BY ALL  
HIGH CLASS MILLINERS AND STORES  
SIZES 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 7.

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## For Willing Service

For uniform smartness,  
lasting comfort, perfect  
tailoring and a cheerful  
capacity for working  
overtime—'VIYELLA'  
W.V.S. Shirt Blouses.  
They wash beautifully.



**'Viyella'**

**W.V.S. SHIRT BLOUSES**

W.V.S. Shirt blouse, burgundy 'Viyella'  
(shade and style officially approved).  
Up to and incl. 15" neck, 16/11d.  
Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-  
class stores all over the country.

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

**Tastes good—  
does him good!**



*Give him*

**ENO'S**

**"FRUIT SALT"**

**first thing every morning**

*Doctors recommend Eno's!*

# British Prisoners of War

CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS  
DUTY FREE

Prices quoted below also apply to

**H. M. SHIPS**

(Seagoing Ships in Commission only)

**H. M. FORCES**

**SERVING OVERSEAS**

(Excepting Egypt, India & Burma)

also  
**INTERNEES IN ENEMY COUNTRIES**

## Minimum Quantities

Wills' "Gold Flake," "Capstan,"	
Player's "Navy Cut" Medium	3/9 for 120
Churchman's No. 1	3/9 for 100
Wills' "Three Castles" or Player's No. 3	4/- for 100
Lambert and Butler's "Waverley"	3/3 for 120
"Woodbines," "Player's Weights,"	
"Tanner"	3/4 for 150

## Special Parcels

<b>5% PARCEL</b>	170 Wills' "Gold Flake" or "Capstan" or Player's "Navy Cut" Medium or 250 "Woodbines"
<b>10% PARCEL</b>	370 Wills' "Gold Flake" or "Capstan" or Player's "Navy Cut" Medium
<b>10% PARCEL</b>	550 "Woodbines" or "Player's Weights"

## Tobaccos

	per lb.
Wills' "Capstan Navy Cut," Medium	8/6
„ "Cut Golden Bar"	8/-
Player's "Navy Cut Medium"	8/6
„ "No Name"	11/10
Ogden's "St. Bruno"	6/8
„ "St. Julien"	7/4

Prices quoted include delivery.

Full Remittance must accompany all orders. Send Addressed Envelope for list of Brands and Prices.

Place your order with your tobacconist or in case of difficulty send direct to Field Force Dept.

**BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY LTD**  
2 DEAN STANLEY STREET LONDON, S.W.1

# Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

Not a golfer in this country—or out of it—but will have heard with concern that Mrs. Enid Wilson, Assistant Officer W.A.A.F., has been injured in a recent blitz. For the moment keeping the eye on the ball is a command to be obeyed literally. May it soon be no longer an enforced necessity.

It was quite like old times to hear of a competition organised for the discovery of young talent at Burhill the other day. Careful inquiry did not seem to reveal any budding girl champion there, though there were delightful little people who will be a great addition to all the social amenities of the Girls' Championship, when that once hardy annual can bloom again unbounded. Perhaps they were really too young to shine, since the elder girls are already taken up with some form of activity more useful than golf.

At all events it was a boy who romped home and who, with a handicap apportioned to his age of twelve years, proceeded in this flag competition to take the first four holes in bogey figures, complete the eighteen, and then, whilst an exhausted grown-up scorer panted in the rear, progressed on for yet another eleven holes before planting his flag. It is reported without official confirmation—that the bar receipts were amongst the other beneficiaries under the act, the scorer not having walked so far this many a long day. We must look out for Master Ian Michie in the Boys' Championship of, perhaps, 1946.

As for future girl champions, the mature age of those who competed in the last one makes sober reading. The age list of 1938 shows that even now a mere nine previous competitors would be eligible to compete; that by September, 1942, only two little nigger boys remain, and that in 1943, we shall have to say: "then there were none." Sonia Vagliano, now a proud aunt, who would very likely have followed in Lally's footsteps, was nineteen last month; Maureen Ruttle, most sure of all to have won the event, reaches Registration Age this month. Well, well. Frances Stephens, of Bootle, who with a little wishful thinking may be pictured as having one more chance, has undoubtedly shaped well since 1938, carrying off handicap honours in the *Daily Sketch* competition held at Birkdale last year. If—"if wishes were horses"—Frances' name will yet decorate the cup.

EVEN the dauntless energy of Miss Betty Debenham and Mrs. Steel combined cannot manage a northern meeting this year, but the *Daily Sketch* Women's National Tournament, to give it the full title, in aid of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, is announced for Friday, September 19, at Royal Mid-Surrey, and Miss Debenham is hoping that Mrs. Steel may at least send or bring a party from the North.

The Mid-Surrey day will be open to any woman, and the programme is eighteen-hole medal with prizes for scratch, silver and bronze divisions. Mrs. Critchley and Mrs. Henry Cotton have already sent in their names and Miss Maureen Ruttle, last year's scratch winner; if the exigencies of the Services permit, we may hope to see Miss Pam Barton, Miss Wanda Morgan, and a sprinkling from the auxiliary forces. Without doubt it is those who are serving up to the hilt, whether in uniform or out of it, who earn their day's golf and who would be popular winners. Miss Debenham hopes to see all last year's winners competing, but one at least, must be an absentee: Mrs. Gordon Black, for she has a ten-day-old daughter to consider.

The same splendid fund is to benefit by an exhibition fourball on the afternoon of Sunday, August 31, at Hadley Wood, Mrs. A. C. Critchley and Charles Whitcombe v. Miss Maureen Ruttle and Abe Mitchell.

And one likes the defiant gesture of the date. A fig for Hitler and his invasion. There are buses to Cockfosters, and trains to Hadley Wood. Nobody need expend the nation's petrol that afternoon.

ALL this has wandered away from Burhill, of which there was plenty more to be said, with its charming little thatched clubhouse on what was once the seventh tee of the old course—the tee whence weaklings used to plunge madly into impenetrable gorse—till a more charitable green committee cleared out at least the undergrowth, and so made a way whereon the scuttler might go rejoicing. The big clubhouse has been taken over, but this smaller one serves every wartime purpose most adequately, and the club is even said to have re-captured some of the old-fashioned friendly atmosphere which was thought to be the prerogative of small clubs far removed from London. Miss Mills, who is secretary for both men and women, does the work of both with splendid impartiality and complete success.

## The "Tatler and Bystander" Monthly Competition—July

In accordance with the present wartime arrangement to award spoons when sufficient cards are received in either division, the following are awarded for July: Silver Division (handicaps 18 and under)—Insufficient cards.

Bronze Division (handicaps 19 to 36)—Mrs. D. P. Anderson (Sale) 91-26-65 = 7 below scratch score, and Mrs. Tennent (Sale) 89-23-66 = 6 below scratch score, after a tie with Mrs. Singleton (Blackley) and Mrs. Oakley Baker (Ladbroke Park).

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card, and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON. AUGUST

Name <sup>1</sup> Mrs. <sub>1</sub> Miss .....

Address .....



# KIA-ORA

"Good Health!"

★

It is a pity there's not more Kia-Ors . . .

★

Lemon - Orange  
Grapefruit  
Lime Juice Cordial  
2/6  
Orange Barley  
Lemon Barley  
2/3



Philosophers and Poets have dreamed of the "return to nature", of the easy and innocent "garden state". This was their protest against the endless wearing complexities of modern existence.



## Nerve versus Nerves —yesterday and today

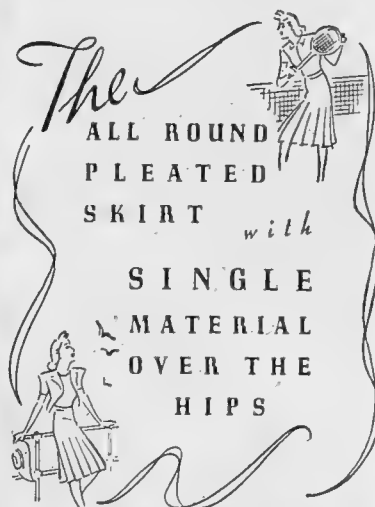
If your nerves are under-nourished you will never feel really well. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein, and these are supplied by 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. If you are feeling over-tired or nervy; if you are convalescing after an illness; if you are needing a holiday and cannot take one, try a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. 'Sanatogen' is not a stimulant that 'bucks you up' for a day or two only; it is a *food* that nourishes and builds up the nerve system.

# 'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in 22/3 jars and 12/1½, 6/6, and 2/6½ tins (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.



Could there be a more suitable summer skirt than the "KONERAY"? All-round pleats knife edged and graduated to taper off into a single thickness of material over the hips. Here is swing and freedom and the slenderising grace of converging lines to make the smartest of all skirts. Sold in a variety of quality fabrics, including Cream Serge and Irish Linen, by drapers and stores everywhere, the "KONERAY" is well worth an immediate surrender of six coupons. Prices from 2 GNS.

issued by C. STILLITZ  
Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

"Koneray" PATENT PENDING  
PLEATED SKIRTS



# HENRI

leading natural hair colouring specialist in Society and

# ROGER

Mayfair's unique creative hair stylist, have both joined the famous West End Salon of

# LUIS & WOOLF

Appointments can now be booked

# LUIS & WOOLF

# COURT HAIRDRESSERS

4-6, QUADRANT ARCADE

(Opposite the Piccadilly Hotel)

80-82, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 5374-5

# Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

"ANY complaints?" asked the orderly officer, entering the mess room.

"Yessir," replied Private Biggs. "They've all got bigger dinners than me!" "Well," said the orderly officer, smiling; "they're all bigger lads than you, aren't they?" "Yessir," Biggs agreed, "an' allus will be at this rate."

THE lady of the house had seen a tough looking "follower" coming to the back door and decided to give her cook a straight talk.

"Bridget," she said, "I didn't like the look of the man who came here to see you last night."

"No, mum," replied the girl. "An', he wasn't what you'd call taken up with you, either."

A YOUNG couple started out with their infant to buy a baby carriage. They bought one, put the baby in it, and started for home. Everybody they passed in the street smiled, and they wondered why.

When they reached home they found that the shop assistant had omitted to remove the sign from the carriage. It read: "Our own make."

A NOVELIST says he would like to see a film showing all the famous statesmen of the past. Arliss, Where Art Thou?

A YOUNG magazine editor of New York took a trip to California and happened upon Hollywood.

He was invited to a party, and decided to put off his usual reserve and diffidence and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young actress.

"I will be wild," he determined. "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous."

He did his best, but suddenly, as he was playing the role to the limit of his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept.

The editor asked the cause of her distress, and with tears in her eyes, she looked up and said: "I've been here almost a year now and you're the first fellow that's behaved to me like a gentleman."

THE Home Guard were put on guard outside the remains of a house after a blitz. During the night they heard a voice calling frantically:

"Hullo! Hullo!"

Rushing into the ruins to investigate the ghostly call, they eventually found a telephone with the receiver off, and spoke to the exchange, explaining that the house was knocked down.

"But," replied the exchange, with heat and finality, "the line is through!"

IT was the end of the summer, and the season had been a bad one. The nigger minstrel had found it hard to make a living, and perhaps his approach to certain passers-by might have been called begging.

In any case the policeman passing by thought it might. Pushing his way through the small crowd in the theatre queue, the arm of the law tapped the nigger minstrel on the shoulder.

"Now then, my man," he said, sternly, "you just accompany me."

The minstrel picked up his banjo and retorted: "Certainly, officer. What are you going to sing?"

THE sergeant raged as his squad of recruits turned left when they should have turned right and vice versa. Private Higgins was the greatest offender, and the sergeant, going up to him, bawled in his ear:

"Haven't you ever drilled before in your life?"

"Yes, sergeant," replied Higgins. "I once drilled for three years."

"Oh, indeed, and where?" snapped the sergeant.

"In a quarry," grinned Higgins.

THE club bore was boasting of his family's patriotism.

"I'm joining the R.A.F. next week," he stated.

"My father fought in the last war, and my grandfather fought in the Boer War. My great-grandfather, I've been told, fought in the Zulu War."

"Really!" drawled a thoroughly bored listener. "On which side?"

THE Italian Admiral was not feeling at all well. He therefore consulted his doctor, who found it difficult to decide just what was wrong.

Suddenly the doctor's face brightened.

"I know exactly what will put you on your feet again, Admiral," he said. "You must take a sea voyage."



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